December, 1933 FIFTEEN CENTS

Periodical

THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

What Price National Recovery ?

North Carolina

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Tshekedi

•

Don'ts For My Daughter

•

Xmas Stories

A Stately Entrance With a Friendly Welcome

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and
FATHERS

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THE CRISIS

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A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, *Editor* — George W. Streator, *Acting Business Manager*

Volume 40, No. 12 **Contents for December, 1933** *Whole No. 277*

COVER. Lillian A. Alexander. (See page 286.)
AS THE CROW FLIES 269
WHAT PRICE NATIONAL RECOVERY. By John P. Davis 271
TO AN OLD FRIEND. A Poem. By Georgia Douglas Johnson 272
THE CHRISTMAS TREE OF CHRIST. A Story. By F. M. Dostoyefsky 273
THE COLORED SOUTH SPEAKS FOR ITSELF. By George W. Streator 274
THE SON OF GOD 276
TSHEKEDI. Illustrated 277
JAMES WELDON JOHNSON 279
DON'TS FOR MY DAUGHTER. By Josephine Schuyler. Illustrated 280
THE POETS' CORNER 281
"TOO RICH TO BE A NIGGAR." Illustrated 282
SHAME. A Poem. By Laura E. Forrest 283
OUR READERS SAY, "THE NEGRO ARRIVES," By C. W. Kirkpatrick 284
THE BROOKLYN BRANCH. Illustrated 285
ALONG THE COLOR LINE. Illustrated 286
POSTSCRIPT. By W. E. B. Du Bois 292

THE CRISIS FOR 1934

We are going to take for granted that in 1934 the slow beginnings of economic recovery will be far enough along to enable THE CRISIS to think more of literature and art, to bring back significant episodes and persons in the history of the Negro race, and to encourage fiction and poetry.

At the same time, we shall with continued interest watch and interpret the economic development of the darker world.

The Nazis made a mistake in beginning their propaganda in New York. They should have started in Richmond or New Orleans. Their whole philosophy of race hate has been so evolved in our own South that Hitler himself could learn a beautiful technique by visiting us.

●

We wouldn't want to think that the United States is about to achieve peace and friendship with Russia with the hope that Russia may fight Japan and relieve her of the task. After all, Russia isn't nearly as dumb as she sometimes looks.

●

This matter of gold has got the nations looking in three directions at once. But after all, which is more important, gold or food? And why should the nation buy gold when it's hungry?

●

The genes live in the chromosomes of flies, and therein dwells the secret of Life. At least this is what Thomas Hunt Morgan tells us and he has the Nobel Prize for telling us. All of which we are receiving on faith.

●

Hostilities have begun between Henry Ford and the United States of America. We would advise the United States to give up while the way is open. After all, it's silly not to recognize your master's voice.

AS THE CROW FLIES

Sheridan said something about Hell and Texas, but he evidently had not lived on the Eastern shore of Maryland.

●

If Machado got $9,000,000 to play with, how much did the Chase National Bank get?

●

The farmers have been starving for less than twenty years. Why should they complain? Let us colored people tell them something about long distance starvation.

●

We are about to welcome Mr. Litvinoff of Moscow to our city. We shall watch the fireworks with interest. Mr. Litvinoff is the gentleman who went to the Peace Conference and talked about peace to the great disgust of all present. He's going to come to the United States and talk about debts and just as like as not he will bring in his brief-case a little bill for the pleasant antics of 5,000 American soldiers, who ran over a goodly section of Russia in 1918 and 1919, without License or Law.

●

Sarraut has succeeded Deladier as Prime Minister of France. But the careful French merchant, the shrewd French official, and the thrifty French peasant are still running that part of the Lord's vineyard.

●

Why not cut the ballyhoo in the N.R.A. and get right down to brass tacks? Something has happened to the good, but not much. So let's not over-tell it.

●

All young and modern people who watch the approach of the great wave of whiskey due at Christmas time are filled with unspeakable joy. But some of us who have seen that wave before are a little less voluble.

●

Any attempt to regulate gold in this little old world without consulting the Grim Old Lady of Threadneedle Street and the polite B. de France, is reckoning without a couple of hosts and without a host of other couples.

●

Great Britain is the sole guardian of democracy, says Stanley Baldwin, Lord President of the Council—God help democracy.

●

How could we think to stop drinking, when we haven't even curbed Murder; and as for stealing——

THE CRISIS *was founded in 1910. It is published monthly at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Crisis Publishing Company, Inc., and is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The subscription price is $1.50 a year or 15c a copy. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage, and while* THE CRISIS *uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879, and additional second class entry at Albany, N. Y.*

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●

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The Dean of the College, Lincoln University at Lincoln University, Pa.

What Price National Recovery?

By JOHN P. DAVIS

SINCE the latter part of 1929 citizens of the United States have felt the effects of an economic condition which has steadily grown worse. The reasons given for this depression in our economic structure have been as varied as the persons giving them. All, however, have agreed to the outward manifestations occasioned by this condition.

The farmer raised live stock and farm produce in larger quantities than ever before, but found that he could not sell these increased quantities for enough to make a profit. On the other hand the urban worker in factory and mill was manufacturing goods for which there was a steadily diminishing market. The number of unemployed increased; the pay of industrial workers, collectively and individually, decreased. There was great reduction in the amount of goods interchanged and this resulted in reduced freight car loadings, in lower valuation of stocks and bonds, in the wholesale failure of banks and insurance companies. These failures wiped out the savings of working people. Those who had money to lend feared to do so in a period of economic chaos. There was hoarding by individuals and by banks. This meant that credit was difficult to secure. Factories closed and men and women were thrown out of jobs. The depression continued and the normal agencies for charity and relief were unable to cope with the need of millions of jobless men and women, whose savings had become exhausted during an abnormal period of unemployment. The health and education of children suffered. Vagrancy and crime increased.

In all this picture the Negro suffered most. A marginal worker, he was the first to lose his job. A low paid worker, he had less reserve on which to live during unemployment. Often discrimination on the ground of color prevented him from securing his full share of the private and public charity furnished to unemployed workers generally. The so-called "Negro-jobs" were invaded by white workers who had been displaced from better jobs. In the South coercion and violence were used to drive Negro workers out of gainful employment. On the farm the Negro tenant farmer bore the brunt of low farm prices. The Negro farm owner was the first to lose his farm by foreclosure. Negro business, dependent almost entirely on Negro patronage, and operating on a narrow margin of profit, also suffered most because of the extreme decrease in the buying power of its clientele. Although the Negro was but 12 out of every 100 persons in the population of the country, he represented about 30 out of every 100 sufferers in the depression.

Partially because of failure to realize the seriousness of the situation and partially because of callous indifference, officers of the government—federal, state and local—delayed in taking necessary remedies. And conditions became worse. Then came a change of administration and with it a new program for the solution of problems which had become acute. Whatever may be said in criticism of the remedies offered by the Roosevelt administration, it cannot be denied that, in theory at least, they were vigorous and concrete. Backed by an overwhelming congressional majority, the administration initiated brand new types of social legislation. "Brain trust" professors from Northern colleges were given the privilege of drafting legislation which had been the dream of their lives. For every ailment of the body politic there was a professor and a panacea.

THERE is little need for chronological analysis of the new legislation. Each enactment is but one part of a completed concept, a federal design for national recovery. The National Industrial Recovery Act stands out above all of these new devices for prosperity. Title I of this act created the National Recovery Administration. The function of this new agency is to bring back prosperity to industry and the industrial worker. The plan is to increase the buying power of workers in industry by increasing wages. Further by reducing the number of hours worked by each industrial wage earner, there will be created surplus man hours to be parcelled out to unemployed men and women. Naturally industry cannot take on more men and pay higher wages unless it increases the cost of products of their labor. This increase in price will be passed along to the consumer of the product. But this, it is said, will not be detrimental since the consumer will have more with which to buy. Thus in the scheme of things a circle of higher wages and higher prices leading to prosperity will take the place of the downward spiral of lower prices and lower wages.

There was every reason to hope that this new plan would destroy the inequality between white and black labor. The establishment of uniform minimum wages would normally result in the abolition of a system whereby black workers doing the same work as white workers and working longer hours received less pay than they. At all events it was not to be supposed that the new plan would create greater hardship to Negro labor than that to which it was subjected before the plan was put into effect. Indeed, assurance was glibly given by General Hugh S. Johnson, Administrator of the act, and others that this plan involved no race question.

Yet what has happened in the formation of the codes of fair competition, setting up wage and hours of service levels, has furnished ample proof that there is a problem of vicious discrimination to be faced.

THE first code of fair competition approved by the administration was that for the cotton textile industry. This code established a minimum wage of $12 a week for the South and $13 a week for the North. Employees under the code were not to be employed more than 40 hours a week. Incidentally the cleaners, outside crews, and yardmen were not to be given benefits of a minimum wage or limitation of weekly hours of service. There was nothing on the surface of these provisions which indicated that Negro workers were to be treated any differently than white workers. But the reason for these exceptions are not hard to find, when it is realized that of the 14,000 Negro workers in this industry more than 10,000 of them come within the categories denied the benefits of the code. For these workers the NRA meant increases of from 10 to 40 per cent in the cost of everything they had to buy, without a single penny in increased wages, without a single hour subtracted from their working period. Because hours had not been reduced there were no available jobs for unemployed Negro workers.

Discrimination against Negro workers successfully achieved in the first code of fair competition lent courage to future efforts. In the same manner the discrimination in the cotton textile industry was extended to other branches of the textile industry. Thousands more Negro workers felt the effect of prejudice.

In the lumber industry a new type of discrimination was used. Here most of the Negro labor was to be found in the South. For this reason a wage of 23 cents an hour was established for the Southern branch of the industry while wages in other sections of the

country, where the labor used was chiefly white, were set at 40 cents an hour. This meant that the Negro worker performing the same work in the South as the white worker was doing in the West would receive $6.80 a week less than the white saw mill operative. Calculated in terms of the total annual loss in wages which Negro workers suffered through the approval of this code, the astounding figure of more than 40 million dollars is reached. In codes affecting hundreds of thousands of Negro workers the same formula of discrimination has been used. In the steel code, Robert P. Lamont, president of the American Iron and Steel Institute, offered publicly to pay a wage of 30 cents an hour to steel workers in the Birmingham and Southern Districts in place of the 25 and 27 cents hourly rates previously offered. Despite this offer from the employer group the government finally approved the earlier minima with the consequent result that Negro steel workers in Jefferson County, Alabama, were denied pay increases of $484,000 annually; while those in the rest of the South were subjected to a potential loss of more than a million dollars yearly.

The plans for excluding most Negro industrial workers from the benefits of the increased wage and shorter hours have become bolder and bolder. Southern groups have started definite campaigns to secure government approval of a plan to pay Negro workers less than is paid whites. Even the establishment of the low wage in the lumber industry led to the open threats of saw mill owners to discharge Negro workers for the reason that "the payment of equal wages to whites and blacks would lead to social equality." In the North where Negro skilled workers were receiving wages in excess of the newly established minimum their wage in many instances has been reduced to that minimum. In other instances although bound by law to pay certain wages, white employers have openly violated the labor clauses of the code where Negroes are concerned and nothing has yet been done by the government.

As biting as has been the discrimination directed against Negro industrial workers, it has not presented one-half as serious a problem as that presented by the failure of the federal government to devise a way to improve the wage of household employees. There are more than two million domestics, most of them women, in the United States. Of this number 57 per cent are Negro. Of every 100 Negroes gainfully employed 26 are in this class of employment. They represent the lowest paid group in America, wages being as low in some cases as $1 a week for 60 or more hours of work. For these workers there is no code. They will feel just as much as any other consumer the burden of increased prices, yet they will receive no increase in wages, no shortening of hours.

It will serve no purpose to expand on the inequities appearing in the new federal design for recovery. There is neither space nor need for such analysis. It is sufficient to state that careful study of any of these measures will result in the blunt realization that Negro interests are in danger of serious impairment unless Negro organizations themselves become active and alert in opposition to discriminations as they appear.

It was an awakening to this fact that led to the formation of the Negro Industrial League. It was this organization that stood alone in protest at the public hearings held for the first code of fair competition. And it was through the effort of this organization that sixteen other national organizations joined in the formation of the Joint Committee on National Recovery.

THE objectives of this new alliance are plain. It was the belief of those instrumental in its creation that all organizations seeking economic betterment of the Negro should come together and agree upon a policy for Negro advancement. It was further believed that recommendations should be made to those officers of the government who had authority to act. In no other way could responsibility for failure to act be definitely fixed. The efforts of the Joint Committee are non-partisan and non-political. It seeks the federal appointment of qualified colored men and women to positions of usefulness to the race, but it has no concern with the fate or fortunes of individual job-hunters or favor-seekers. In a word what has been attempted is the establishment of a group of fact finders in Washington to study the plans of the federal government for recovery and to seek to integrate the Negro into such plans. To accomplish this object there is need for intelligent cooperation of all persons and agencies interested in Negro welfare. Above all things the Joint Committee has but one cause to plead, and that cause is the economic advancement of colored people. It is responsible to but one interest, and that interest is the masses of Negro citizens of this country represented in the membership of one or more of the cooperating organizations. Today it is the machinery through which the elected representatives of more than three million organized Negro citizens have chosen to speak.

The work of the Joint Committee is many sided. It has studied codes of fair competition ferreting out by careful analysis clauses directed against Negro labor. It has filed briefs, made appearances at public hearings, buttonholed administrative officers relative to the elimination of unfair clauses in the codes. It has in the same way studied other major recovery measures and sought fair dealing at the hands of the administration. It has brought to the attention of the Negro and white press and to leaders of both races the inequities apparent in these measures. Dissatisfied with simple opinion as to the true facts of the discrimination, it has as far as possible made field investigations of labor conditions and cost of living among Negro workers; and, has with a splendid corps of volunteer experts amassed a wealth of information about Negro labor.

Without question this work has had an effect on the problems faced by Negro citizens. It has made impossible casuistical treatment of Negro labor by administrative officers. These government officials have been brought face to face with the realities of race prejudice in industry. The appearances of the Joint Committee in public hearings has won for it the respect of labor leaders, of liberal federal officials, of the white press.

It is too early to state what the effect of this new unified force will be upon those who have power to alter or maintain the present economic condition of the Negro. But it does not seem too soon to state that the Unified and determined action of this federation of Negro organizations represents a step forward in the fight for complete economic equality in agricultural and industrial America. To this purpose the organizations which compose the membership of the Joint Committee and the leadership to which its policies are entrusted, are unalterably committed. The fight has only just begun. That it shall continue until real dollars find their way into the pockets of jobless Negro men and women, until there is definite action taken to protect the economic interests of all citizens of the nation, is a determination that will not be destroyed.

To an Old Friend

By Georgia Douglas Johnson

COME sit with me by the fireside
While the busy world goes by
With its millions wildly striving
To laugh before they die.
For you and me the fever
Of noontime fades away,
To you and me the twilight
Has many things to say.
For we may walk together
The dim ways of the past:
New friends advance and scatter
Old friends alone will last.

The Christmas Tree of Christ

A STORY BY F. M. DOSTOYEFSKY

(Translated from the Russian by Marie Bessmertny)

THIS seems to me to have been the tale of a little six-year-old boy who hardly knew how to beg, and it happened in a great city and during a cold winter. The boy awakened one morning in a damp, cold cellar; he was bundled in a thin blanket and was trembling. As the white steam of his breath appeared, he played with blowing it further and further out of his mouth, and bulged his cheeks as he seated himself on a stove in a corner. He was terribly hungry. Repeatedly, he went to the bench where his mother lay sick upon thin boards with a bundle under her head. How did she come to this place? Probably from some little strange village into the great city and fell sick. The keeper of the lodging place had been taken by the police two days ago. The lodgers had separated and there remained only the wastrel, who had already lain dead drunk for two days, and a rheumatic old woman of eighty, once a nurse, now alone, complaining and scolding at the boy, who was afraid to be near her.

He found a drink of water in the sink but there was no bread and for the tenth time he tried to awaken his mother. Day began to break and he was curiously uplifted because there had been no candle. As he looked upon the face of his mother, he wondered because it was so cold and still. "It's terribly cold here," he thought, and stood awhile by the bed, laying an unwilling hand upon the shoulder of the corpse. Then he blew on his little fist in order to warm his fingers and suddenly seized his cap and crept out of doors. . . .

God! What a city. He had seen nothing like it before. In the village where he had come from, glowed one lamp for the whole street, and in the evening, it was black-dark. The little wooden houses were bolted at night, and through the dark one heard the barking of many dogs. But there it was warm and people gave him food; but here, God! how could one get anything to eat? And what a crowd and noise was here! And so much light and all the men, wagons and horses, and so much snow! The hot breath of the horses rose in clouds and their hoofs sounded on the hard snow. Everything rushed together, and Father in Heaven! how hungry he was! His fingers began to hurt. A policeman went by and turned his head so as not to see the boy. Again a street, and what a broad one. Here people thronged and how they all shrieked and ran and drove. And so much light, Oh, so much!

And what is this? A great window and within, a room; and in the room a tree, reaching to the ceiling. It is a Christmas tree. Oh, how many lights! How much gold tinsel! How many apples and dolls and little horses. And through the room ran clean, well-dressed children, and they laughed and played; they ate and drank. One little girl danced with a boy. How pretty she looked. Music could be heard through the window. The little boy stared eagerly and smiled.

But his joints ached and his fingers had become red, and he could not move them. He suddenly sensed this and began to cry and ran on. He saw another window. Again a Christmas tree and tables filled with cakes and pastry, red and gold; and some with nuts. There four rich ladies sat eating and to each visitor, as she came in, they gave cakes and tarts. The door kept opening, and many noble people entered from the street.

The little boy slipped up, opened the door and entered the room. Hey! How people shrieked at him and pushed him out. One of the ladies quickly forced a penny into his hand and opened the door. How scared he was! The penny rolled under the steps; he could not bend his fingers to find it. He rushed out and ran on, whither he did not know himself. He wanted to cry but he was afraid and ran. He ran and blew on his hands. He ached so around his heart because he felt so alone. And then, my God! what is this again; a crowd of people stand and stare. In the window behind a glass cover are three dolls; little ones in red and green clothes. But how life-like. . . .

First the boy thought they were alive; then when he realized that they were dolls, he suddenly laughed. He had never seen such dolls. Then suddenly some one behind him seized his jacket. A big bad boy hit him on the head; snatched his cap and kicked him. The little boy fell down almost unconscious; he leaped up and ran as fast as he could. He ran into a strange open courtyard and seated himself upon a bench. "Here it is dark. Here no one will find me!"

He pulled his legs together and from fright could hardly get his breath; then suddenly he began to feel happy. His hands and feet stopped hurting him, and became warm. Warm like an oven. Drawing himself together, he thought, "How beautiful it will be to fall asleep here!" He thought again of the dolls and had to laugh. Then he thought he heard his mother singing. "Mother, I am asleep. Ah, it's nice to sleep here!"

"Come with me to the Christmas feast, little boy," a light voice whispered. At first he thought it was his mother. But no. It was someone else who beckoned him and put arms about him in the dark; took him by the hand and suddenly, what a light! And what a Christmas tree! He had never seen such a tree. Where was he? Everything gleamed and glistened, and about him were dolls. No,—they were boys and girls; only light and happy, who crowded about and kissed him, and flew with him.

His mother saw him and smiled because he was happy.

"Oh, mother, mother, how pretty it is here!" cried the boy. He kissed all the children and wanted to tell them about the dolls he had seen before in the window. "Who are you, boys and girls?" he asked the children, laughing.

"We are Christ's children. He always has a Christmas tree on this day for little children who have none," they answered.

And the boy learned that they were poor children, just as he was: children who had been frozen in their cribs when they had been left before the doors of Petersburg officials; or had starved in the public nursery, or died on the breast of dead mothers during the famine in Samara; or had died in the dead air of fourth class railway passenger coaches; or had been killed. All these children were now angels with Christ, who had stretched out His hand to them and blessed them; and the mothers of these children stood by weeping but the children ran to them, and dried their tears and told them not to weep any more.

In the morning, the porter found the little boy who had fled into the courtyard and froze to death on the bench. He was taken to his mother, but she had already died before him, and both saw each other again in Heaven with God.

Why do I write this tale, since I want to write only things that really happen? That is just the reason so; that things like this will happen (real) just as they appear in my imagination and dream. What really happened in the cellar and on the courtyard bench,—the doorway, and about Christ and His Christmas tree, all that I do not know. It is enough to say that on this account I am a poet so that I may create and dream.

The Colored South Speaks for Itself

By GEORGE W. STREATOR

JAMES T. TAYLOR writes in the October *North Carolina Teachers Record:*

"In North Carolina there is a dual salary schedule for teachers. One for white and the other for Negroes. The average annual salary paid to white elementary school teachers in 1928-1929: Rural, $724.38; city, $1,181.27. For Negro elementary school teachers: Rural, $410.25; city, $724.82. White high school teachers received an annual average salary of $1,256.69 and Negro high school teachers received $910.27.

"Negro teachers are required to measure up to the same standard as white teachers for certification, but for an "A" grade certificate of any sort a white teacher receives approximately 30 per cent more salary than a Negro teacher holding the same sort of certificate. Under the 1933 school law the range in salaries for white teachers is $45-$90 per month and Negro teachers are to be paid 30 per cent less. It is certainly a reflection upon a State that those who teach the youth are so grossly underpaid, but the greater shame is our open espousal of salary discrimination based on race or color.

"North Carolina in 1911-1912 spent for education of white pupils a per capita of $5.27 and for Negro pupils $2.02. A ratio in favor of the white child of 2.6 to 1. In 1922 $26.74 was spent on each white child and $10.13 on each Negro child. A ratio in favor of the white child of 2.7 to 1.

"In 1928-1929 North Carolina spent $1,913,195.49 to transport white children to and from school; during the same period the State spent $14,078.50 to transport Negro children to and from school."

TWO thousand five hundred colored people, by far the most significant gathering of colored people ever held in the South, met in Raleigh on a beautiful October Sunday to voice their protest against the rising tide of white oppression, violence, and discrimination. Making known by their presence at a meeting sponsored by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that they were registering an open, courageous, and intelligent protest, these two thousand five hundred men and women from all walks of life made history for the South and for the nation. They made history not in a trivial, rhetorical sense. They made history because they came to give the lie to the oft-quoted libel that Southern Negroes are satisfied with their lot, and as an oppressed people are content to be led and advised at every turn of the road by those who hold for them the narrow vision of a submerged status.

They came to give silent assent to a revitalized Negro leadership for Negro people. Against the scandalous distribution of public money they raised their protest. Against a State that can spend more public money for enlarging a football stadium for one of the three truly big institutions for white students, than it spends annually to maintain the College for Negroes at Durham; against the exclusion from professional training of tax-paying colored citizens in tax-supported State institutions; against a State that could spend more money for ice-water for the last session of the legislature than it would give for the support of a school for delinquent colored girls (maintaining all the while two institutions for white girls), in short against the petty thievishness characteristic of this and every other Southern State in its treatment of the colored population.

More than a thousand of these people came from outside Raleigh. They came from the mountains in the Western portion where few Negroes dwell; they came from the Piedmont, new center of textile and tobacco industry; they came from down East, where the colored population is large. They came by car and bus and train; a hundred came from Greensboro, a hundred from Durham, from Charlotte, Winston-Salem, and the larger cities. They came in tens and fives from little villages and townships, stretched all the way from the Atlantic Ocean to the tapering Eastern highlands. From 300 towns they came, sometimes a single delegate half afraid of spying white folk and tattling Negroes. They came, and the ruling class in North Carolina was stirred by their coming.

Effective protest is in the long run to be judged by the results. But the gathering of two hundred Negroes at any time to a meeting not sponsored and approved by white people generally, is frequently unusual enough to provoke results. The gathering of *two and a half thousand* Negroes to hear speakers not always enjoying the approval of white people and their hand-picked colored yeomanry is sufficiently significant to be classed as miraculous even in these days and times.

Where were the old-line leaders? There were telegrams from many of these. One could recognize in the audience others who were not afraid to be seen at a meeting of intelligent colored people, gathered to protest. Some few came belligerently, determined to break up the meeting, it was said. Many stayed away, were ill, busy, out of town, or just plain incommunicado. One man who received an invitation to speak claims not to have heard of the meeting at all.

Some of the white "liberals" lament they were not consulted about the meeting and would have advised against it, if they had been consulted. Some allege that the intent of the meeting was to sabotage certain prominent figures who have played a part in the building up of the education system that made North Carolina a Southern State apart. Here and there "friends of the Negro" allege that they are being "put on the spot" by radical, "Northern Negroes." On the whole, the North Carolina white liberals were critical, and in a certain sense, inclined to be pickayunish if not vindictive. Having formed the habit of dictating the program of Negro education and welfare, these men who were blazing new trails thirty years ago are reluctant to listen to the very people to whose training they have contributed.

WHERE stand the liberal white daily papers? Well, the Raleigh *News and Observer,* staffed by university graduates, in a confusion of rhetoric laments what the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People did to Judge J. Parker, and issues the warning that Negroes may be moved to rebellion. The editor rhapsodizes as usual about the leading white citizens in this State "who have done so much for Negro welfare. "It may be noted also," he opines "that every forward step for the Advancement of Negroes in North Carolina has been due to the leadership of white citizens." The young man who edits the *News and Observer* during his father's absence in Mexico has never heard of Price, O'Kelly, Merrick, Charles H. Moore, Dudley, and hundreds of other Negroes who achieved far more with greater handicaps than is common to North Carolina citizenry. In fact, the editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer* is a perfect example of the tea-pouring class of "friends of the Negro." Too few of them make an effort to learn about their subject. It is so much easier to be patronizing when one is ignorant!

Other papers, notably the High Point *Enterprise* and the Greensboro *Daily News,* do not commit themselves editorially, but allow the usual editorializing in the news columns. One learns from the erudite High Point paper that THE CRISIS sells for $2.00 a year, and

most of the money garnered for its sale goes into the National Association treasury. The high school boy who reports for that worthy journal confuses the methods of financing the National Association and THE CRISIS with methods used in operating several well known High Point enterprises. The *Daily News*, usually fair and dignified, indulges its Raleigh correspondent in his wit and humor to the extent that the reader is persuaded that Negroes go about the State with little fetishes made in the likeness of certain officers of the National Association and THE CRISIS; that the average North Carolina Negro in time of trouble will invoke one of these fetishes in the manner common to white people who try to yell and cheer themselves out of an economic slump like the present depression.

What about the liberals at Chapel Hill? After several months of hemming and hawing, they have discovered that North Carolina is not a paradise for the Negro, and in spite of the tendency to make themselves into a mutual admiration society, something good might come from Chapel Hill. The difficulty confronting a state supported institution arises from the childish fear that the legislature has a perennial snooping committee on the look-out for liberal sentiments. Of course the University is bedeviled by having David Clark at Charlotte constantly yapping at its academic heels, but even this archprelate of Textiles and Big Money is not the demon that timid men like to imagine him to be.

The North Carolina Committee on Interracial Cooperation strives to take on new life and has succeeded in adopting a resolution which any single colored person on the committee might have urged, it seems, fifteen years ago. But progress moves like that. It is still regrettable that one part of the life of this organization is to create friction between the races by castigating at every turn of the road those colored people who do not subscribe to the milk and honey theory of race relations.

It is amusing to note that the forces of reaction are attempting to spread the propaganda that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has a standing sneer for teachers. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The teachers themselves have a just fear of the Philistines who are put in the influential places. But so long as Negroes accept the thesis that white people must think for Negroes, so long will the race be saddled with sycophants who remain secure by truckling to guillible white folk.

It is tragic to observe that the school board led by Leroy Martin has declared that there is "nothing it can do about the problem." Here again we see the cheap subterfuge of the Southern politician and his whining cohorts. What Martin should have said is that there is nothing that he *will* do about it! The Negro has only one weapon to use against Martin and his ilk. That weapon is the ballot. North Carolina Negroes must be registered if it takes fifty law suits to do it. Negroes are voting in considerable number in Virginia, and they should vote in North Carolina in even larger numbers. With an intelligent ballot, the Negro may not be able immediately to remake North Carolina society, but he should seek to join forces with those elements of the white population who are willing to vote the rascals out! If the new crowd is guilty of the same disregard of the Negro, then vote the new crowd out. Uncle Toms and their like will caution against this, but if a people have no ballot in a democracy, they have no power. The battle cry of North Carolina teachers certainly should be "Register. Vote. Vote out Leroy Martin through the crowd that put him in office."

The North Carolina Negro Teachers Association must be built on a new pattern. Take the organization out of the hands of weasel-worded, petty school politicians and throw the organization into State politics. Make this band of 3000 teachers a power for the improvement of the lot of the whole race. Put in a courageous set of men and women; clean house. In the house cleaning keep those worth keeping and junk the rest. Teachers should begin at once to caucus. If 2500 Negroes can be assembled to listen at Raleigh, 2500 teachers can be marshalled for action next April. Stop these stupid back-slapping Sessions. Dispense with the dance the night before election if the dance will prevent the attendance at voting sessions. No more nominating committees; no more reports to be accepted in the hubbub of adjournment!

It is a pleasure to read the editorial in the October number of the *North Carolina Teachers Record*. "These evil times have come upon us because both white and Negro teachers have been too indifferent to their rights. They have been content to follow along in the rear of movements of which they might have formed a part and over which they might have exercised some control. They have feared that the stigma of taking a position in such affairs might endanger their jobs. That time let us hope, is past."

THE fight of school teachers for salaries is only one phase of the larger fight against discrimination. Those people who have pretended to believe that the Negro can enjoy life in the South without having a right to participate in the government have had the props knocked from under them in the recent developments in North Carolina. The lynching at Burgaw has received the usual official glossing over. The Governor is "powerless" to do anything about it for the simple reason that the Negro vote is not strong enough nor sufficiently concentrated to make him do something about it. Remember Ehringhaus at the polls!

The gunfire directed at the attorneys who went to the defense of the two boys held on a capital charge at Henderson proved that these things can happen wherever Negroes do not participate in the government. That several prominent colored people who interested themselves in this case have received letters from local "good Negroes" should not alter the defense. Such tactics are usual, and are necessary concomitants of puppet leadership.

The crimes of violence against colored people in Guilford county which have resulted in farcial trials, even to the point that the presiding judge saw fit to lecture the jury on its astounding disregard of evidence, is in severe contrast to the railroading of Negroes to the electric chair from the same enlightened district. One shudders at the confusion in the minds of people who abhor lynching at the hands of a mob and yet raise no voice against lynching at the hands of the court.

In the matter of jobless relief and employment under the codes, Negroes have fared poorly. The relief agencies have shouldered responsibility on untrained colored workers because these people could be hired more cheaply. In spite of organized protest, relief agencies in North Carolina as in every other Southern state have been guilty of the same violation of decency in the matter of relief given Negroes. If North Carolina has been guilty to a less degree, it is because North Carolina Negroes have been organized to protest.

The new State Federation of Branches of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has a representative set of officers. Old and young will serve. Women received splendid recognition in the election of Charlotte Hawkins Brown and Julia Brown Delaney. George E. Nightengale is an example of courage to all young men who despair of the reactionary forces in our Southern cities. Conrad Pearson, H. C. Miller, George E. Fisher, and a score of others whose names make news in North Carolina not only were willing to serve, but accepted their tasks with an enthusiasm uncommon to acceptances of such offices. Here was a task for strong men, and it appears that strong men have accepted the challenge.

The Son of God

JOE struck her hard, right in the face. Mary swayed back a little toward the bureau, but said nothing and stood slim and straight. He wanted to hit her again and started to, but he could not. It was extraordinary how she always impressed him. Those black somber pupils set in the ivory white of her eyes; the rich smooth brown skin and above, the nimbus of grey-black hair, lifted like an aureole. She gave an extraordinary impression of innocence, purity and power, in spite of all he knew,—in spite of what she had just told him.

"Why the hell don't you tell me who his father is?" he snarled again, feeling all the while his first revulsion and anger ebbing slowly away. But Mary only repeated slowly what she had said before:

"He is the Son of God!"

So Joe turned and stormed out into the night. He couldn't make it out. What would the fellows say? How had he come to marry this black girl anyway? He hadn't meant to; but somehow she fascinated him; the curving beauty of her perfect form; the delicate softness of her skin; the dark and secret brooding that ever lurked in her eyes. Besides, he had wanted to get married. He wanted to be decent and have a family, and now here was this mess. Here she was already with child and she had told him so after he had married her. Well, he'd get rid of her and damned quick. He would drive her out. Then he thought of the new cottage with a sharp twinge of regret. Of course it wasn't so much,—only two rooms; but it was new; it was his. He had built it himself with her sitting by, singing low songs. It was in a sense the masterpiece of an untutored but earnest artist.

And now this had to come. He couldn't figure it out. He couldn't see what had gotten into her. She never went with anybody but him. It had been hard at first even to get her to look at him. He clenched his hands, striding through the fields, across the branch and up the hill into the sun-set. If it was some of that damned white trash beyond the hill he would have to kill him, of course; but somehow he knew it wasn't. But who else could it be? None of the colored boys had dared look at her since he had marked her for his own.

Then somehow as the weeks passed the pain and bitterness of it faded away. He couldn't make up his mind what he ought to do. There was that air of still and pure loveliness about her; inexplicable, contradictory, unworldly. Uncanny it was, but there. And so he did nothing but waited in surly pain; and late in December, the boy was born, and Joe was holding him wonderingly in his arms, while she lay strait and terrible still. At first, he groaned for he thought her dead but she opened her calm, dark eyes and fixed them on him. And her eyes spoke, —and he knew what she was saying again:

"He is the Son of God."

As weeks and months passed, that happened which he was sure never could happen. The child became his child; he loved it passionately, and it was only when he was angry or a little drunk that he could remember that it wasn't his. Then he swore at Mary or sulked or demanded angrily again: "Who's his father anyway?" It was marvelous, the fascination of that wee bit of life; the soft perfection of its body; the light that grew daily in its eyes; the little curling tendrils of its hair. There came the days of its first teeth and its standing alone. Its little low gurgles of delight, its wild griefs, and the outstretching of its arms.

Naturally Joe wanted, and yet he did not want the boy named after him; it ought to be and of a surety it ought not to be. "No," he said one day. "Call it what you damned please. But not Joe —not after me." So she called it Joshua and for months Joe searched his memory and the country round for a Joshua; but he found none.

And always silently to and fro went the slim mother, like a certain dark and silver wisp of summer rain or a shadow upon a sun-lit hill. She talked little and yet she listened and put the answering word in just where it made Joe know that she was listening and understanding. Of his work, of his trouble, the old plow, the lame mule, the vagaries of the second-hand Ford, and the boy. Then slowly, she smiled. It always ended there as so often he did not mean it should. It always ended with the boy. For still and always to her, he was the Son of God.

Joshua grew into a silent, brooding but infinitely sympathetic child, whose smile was benediction. He asked few questions and took no orders, and went his own still way. Joe always remembered with a grim satisfaction about the boy at Quarterly meeting. Joshua was twelve then and had already incurred the bitter dislike of the Methodist preacher, whom he had very calmly but decisively disputed in Sunday School. Joe was tickled. He hated that preacher anyway. Always interfering. Sure, he might be right. Probably was. But he had no business to be so nosey and he took too much of the people's money. And then Joe found Joshua at noon standing up in the midst of the preachers, telling them what was what; not as sharply and blusteringly, as Joe would have liked, and yet with a certain assurance and decision that tickled Joe infinitely. He dragged Joshua home, chuckling as he went, in the midst of stern advice.

"You just let them preachers alone. They know lots more than you do, and you can't be sassy to your elders."

Then he would chuckle again and Joshua always remained silent.

And so years went on, ever more swiftly, until there came a question as to what Joshua was going to do for a living after he finished the elementary schools. Joe insisted that he should become a farmer and help him. His mother suggested rather dreamily that he might be a lawyer. Joshua said he was going to be a carpenter and a carpenter he became. A rather good carpenter but slow, and often called away on business of his own. His father's business, he called it.

"It ain't no business of mine," growled Joe.

Then at last Joe began to complain. "First thing you know that fellow is going to be a gangster. He's hanging around with a lot of Communists and talking on street corners, and saying things about property that white folks ain't going to stand for. The police will get after him one of these days and first thing you know he'll be in jail."

But his mother sewed and washed and swept and grew thinner and taller as her eyes grew larger. Only she muttered, as always:

"He is the Son of God."

Once they heard a strange tale from Bethany, a neighboring town. The mob had beat Laz Simmons, one of Joshua's pals, and left him for dead, lying in the gutter. Martha, his sister, ran ten miles to get Joshua and begged him for help when none others dared touch the body. Joshua wept. He bore him home.

"He was nearly dead," said Joe.

"He was dead," said Mary.

"Don't be a fool. He's alive and well."

Mary answered, "He said: 'Laz, get up.' And he got up."

"Yes," sneered Joe, "and them crackers will get Joshua yet for that."

That night Mary went to prayer meeting and shouted before the Lord, waving like a palm in a storm. And as she swayed, she cried with a great voice:

"He is the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live!"

Joe didn't like it. Joshua was always out of a job and never had made much money. He didn't dress up, but went about hatless and in old, run-down shoes. He wouldn't get married and didn't seem interested in any of the nice girls; and yet one day he walked down Main Street with Jackson's Babe, a strumpet. Joe nearly struck her when he met them, but Joshua glared at him and they passed on. Joe couldn't figure it out; but boys will be boys, and he remembered that he himself—

Then Joshua kept running with curious people. Outcasts and tramps. Lately he had found a new religion. He was holding meetings and haranging on street corners, and there were white women listening.

Once in curiosity, Joe and Mary slipped down town, and standing apart, shadowed by a tree, listened to Joshua talk. Joe was disappointed to find that the "harangue" which he had heard about was more like teaching. Joshua was sitting on an old fence that ran back of the courthouse and talking to a funny looking crowd:

"Heaven is going to be filled with people who are down-hearted and you that are mourning will get a lot of comfort some day. It's meek folk who are lucky, and going to get everything; and you that are hungry, too. Poor people are better than rich people because they work for what they wear and eat. There won't be any rich people in Heaven. You got to be easy on guys when they do wrong. Then they'll be easy on you, when you get in bad. God's sons are those that won't quarrel. You must treat other people just like you want to be treated. Let'm call you names. Listen! They have called some of the biggest folks that ever lived, dirty names. What's the difference? Which ones do we remember? Don't work all the time. Sit down and rest and sing sometimes. Everything's all right. Give God time. And say, you know how folks use to think they must get even with their enemies? Well, I'll tell you what: you just love your enemies. And if anybody hits you, don't hit 'em back. Just let them go on beating you —"

"Come on," growled Joe. "I ain't never heard so much damned nonsense since I was borned."

At last Joshua went away on a long journey; he did not say good-bye but cried at the gate.

"Hail, Mary!"

And gripping Joe's hand, was gone. The years heavy-footed rolled on. "He will be 25 today," they said; "Today he will be thirty!" They heard rumors of strange things that he did.

"He may come home rich," growled Joe testily.

But Mary mused.

"He is despised and rejected of men,

A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Then at last it came like a flash in the sky, when the young man was in his early thirties, yet seemed to them still a baby. He had been seized by a mob and they had hanged him at sunset. The charge against him wasn't clear: "Worshipping a new God." "Living with white women!" "Getting up a revolution." "Stealing or blasphemy," the neighbors muttered. Joe came home cursing and half drunk.

"Trying to get out of his place; that's it," he yelled. "Criticizing white folks —I told him—I warned him—"

But Mary left her tub; set aside her broom and laid the thimble and scissors carefully in the machine drawer; she put on her black dress and went into the parlor and sat there in the darkness, tall and stern, with an oil lamp in the window that lit the rigid halo of her hair and threw across the yard the black shadow of a noosed and hanging rope. And Mary said:

"His name shall be called Wonderful, Councillor, the Mighty God, the Ever-Lasting Father and the Prince of Peace."

"You crazy fool," shrieked Joe. "You always was dippy about that idiot."

But Mary talked on.

"Behold the Sign of Salvation—a noosed rope."

Joe flung out of the room and fell down the steps and crawled out to the barn and leaned against it; gripping its planks with bleeding hands.

He saw the shadow of the Noose across the world and heard Mary's voice looming in the night:

"He is the Son of God!"

And Joe buried his head in the dirt and sobbed.

W.E.B.D.

Tshekedi

THE story of the African chief who dared order a disreputable Englishman flogged is more and more astonishing as the truth comes out. Tshekedi Kahma, Acting Chief of the Bamangwato, has been having trouble with white men in his domains. Tshekedi governs a tribe in Bechuanaland which is in the northern part of Cape Colony, just south of the Kalahari Desert. He is a descendant of the great Kahma, a wise ruler and an ally of the British Empire and his land and people are under British "protection." Tshekedi himself, according to the statement of the British High Commissioner, is "known to be a decent, clean-living man, clever, and a man of education and great intelligence." His crime consists, according to the same high authority, in "flogging a European after judging him in your own Khotla, knowing full well that you had no legal right to do this."

The Tory *Morning Post* of London shudders with the High Commissioner over this lese-majesté on a person of a white man. "It would be surprising if British power which insists on capitulations in China should have waived them in the case of a feeble African tribe."

Tshekedi explains the situation as follows:

"Several times cases had been brought to his Khotla in which either or all the lads were involved. Tshekedi then named three men, two of whom were Phineas Macintosh and Henry McNamee. The cases had been ones of assault by these lads on the native people and also complaints by native girls or by their parents about the relations of the men concerned with young native girls.

"This morning a case was brought before me in which Phineas Macintosh badly assaulted one native lad who happened to have been talking to one native girl with whom Phineas is in love."

Thereupon Tshekedi ordered him soundly thrashed.

Macintosh declares that he was satisfied with the judgment of the Chief but the British Empire was not. Its power was massed in mighty array. First came the High Commissioner, Vice Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans, C.B., D.S.O., with his staff of officers in gold and blue. With him was a detachment of royal marines, three machine guns, manned by blue jackets, amounting to 200 men, most of whom were taken from the H. M. S. Carlisle. This imposing array rushed to Serowe of the Bechuanaland Protectorate September 6, 1933. The High Commis-

sioner refused to have the Chief represented by counsel, or to listen to the Chief's objection to the legality of the proceedings.

The Chief declared that he had made many representations to the local British administration about the conduct of Macintosh but that nothing had been done. All this was set aside and in great state under a panoply, surrounded by the military, the High Commissioner proceeded to read a proclamation against Tshekedi, Acting Chief of the Bamangwato during the minority of Seretese, "who is hereditary chief here of a great tribe kept great by your father and Seretese's grandfather. I may tell you that your action in flogging a European has aroused general indignation . . . Tshekedi, for the deliberate and direct violation of the Protectorate law well-known to you, I suspend you from the exercise of the functions of Acting Chief at His Majesty's pleasure and you will not be allowed to reside in the Bamankwato reserve."

A native paper says:

"An incident which created a stir happened at the conclusion of the enquiry. The Bamangwato, who attended rose as one man and looked inquiringly at their Chief. They stood on one side of the fence, and on the other, "twenty yards away stood a detachment of marines, their bayonets fixed and a Lewis gun at their feet. It was a dramatic moment but Chief Tshekedi, who conducted his defense with patience, skill and courtesy, was master of the situation. In a notable utterance he exhorted his tribesmen at all costs to accept the High Commissioner's decision whatever it might be."

The Johannesburg *Star*, a leading white paper of South Africa, says editorially:

"Admiral Evans is a quick worker. Within less than a week he has suspended, tried—if the word can be applied to so farcical an inquiry—deposed, and deported the principal chief in the Bechuanaland Protectorate. Aeroplanes, motor lorries, bayonets, howitzers, heavy guns, and doubtless cine-Kodaks, figured in this remarkable affair. Yesterday's ceremony was 'all over in a few minutes.' Having lectured and sentenced Tshekedi, the Acting High Commissioner at once left Serowe for Palapye Road by motor car, travelled to Johannesburg by air, and is now in the railway train returning to Capetown. As soon as he had quitted Serowe the deposed chief followed him—at a decent interval, we hope, if only to avoid the dust—and is now en route under escort for the new home from home allotted him. The two leading actors in this queer and rather squalid little melodrama having vanished, the natives, we are told, lingered for a few minutes and then walked quietly away."

In the meantime, Tshekedi, this young, twenty-seven year old Chief received much sympathy on his way to banishment.

CHIEF TSHEKEDI

"The sympathy with the Chief felt by many European residents at Serowe and Palapye Road, and in other parts of the Protectorate, was demonstrated yesterday afternoon after the High Commissioner had read the proclamation of Tshekedi's banishment. After the High Commissioner had stepped off the platform, many Europeans hurried toward Tshekedi, shook him by the hand, and expressed their regret. This is explained partly by the fact that Tshekedi has been exceptionally kind to European residents in the territory. When wild rumours were flying round the Protectorate on the arrival of the detachment of marines and bluejackets Tshekedi sent a message to European residents, particularly to women whom he knew to be alone, telling them that he made himself responsible for their security."

The Representative of Nordic Civilization Who Was Flogged

His case went to the Colonial Office at London where the Right Honorable James Henry Thomas, Cambridge LL.D. and Oxford D.C.L., Privy Councillor and member of Parliament, presides over the destinies of His Majesty's domains. Mr. Thomas was born in poverty and worked as an errand boy, fireman and engineer, and has less education than Chief Tshekedi. But he was dealing with Imperial affairs and with a Vice Admiral. He had to watch his step.

Tshekedi was reinstated as Chief. The ceremony in this case was much simpler than before and left many questions undecided. For instance, not only Tshekedi but other Chiefs of Bechuanaland had sent a cablegram to England protesting against a "revised draft of provisions on the power of Chiefs and native tribunals." They said in the cablegram:

"We appreciate that the object of the proposed legislation is the betterment of native affairs within our territories, but are convinced that this object will be defeated in the result. The proclamations will retard native cultural development, and the evolution of an African Native type of civilisation. Instead of encouraging native leadership, the proclamation curtails the possibility thereof, and transfers administration from natives to Europeans.

"The proclamations, instead of defining, abrogate the powers of the chiefs and reduce the tribes from a state of suzerainty to one approximating to servitude. The anticipated early enactment of the proclamations is creating suspicion in the Protectorate and is calculated to destroy the feeling of mutual confidence heretofore happily existing between the Administration and our tribes.

"We recognise that the whole constitutional position in the Protectorate requires clarification by legal definition mutually agreed upon, and humbly pray for the appointment of a Royal Commission to take evidence on the constitutional position of the Crown in relation to the territories of our fathers, the Chiefs Khama, Bathoen and Sebele. If this request be not acceptable to His Majesty's Government, we humbly beg to be afforded an opportunity of personally discussing this serious matter with the Secretary of State in London during your Excellency's presence—Sir Herbert Stanley—and urge that no action be taken for the promulgation of these proclamations until after such interview."

After reading the facts of this case, what we are wondering is: Who is civilized in South Africa and who is not?

James Weldon Johnson

THE publication of the autobiography of James Weldon Johnson, "Along This Way," is an event of major importance, both to the nation and to the Negro race. There is really only one way to review this book and that is to tell all readers to read it. And it is above everything fascinating and enthralling as a story of a human being.

First of all, one is astonished to view again the versatility of this man. James Weldon Johnson has lived a half dozen lives, any one of which would be sufficient for a career. He has been a teacher in the Southern public schools; a lawyer in a Southern city; a writer of popular songs in New York; a consul in Central America during times of revolution and upheaval; executive secretary of the N. A. A. C. P.; and professor at Fisk University. And during all these busy times, he has been the author of unforgetable books: two collections of Negro spirituals, an anthology of American Negro poetry, a novel; three books of poetry and one history of the Negro in New York. Two of his volumes of poems: "Fifty Years" and "God's Trombones" are enough to make the literary reputation of any writer.

The readers of THE CRISIS are so familiar with Mr. Johnson's later life, and his general career has been so well-summed up in The New York *Herald-Tribune*, *The New Yorker*, The New York *Times* and the *Nation*, that it seems to us that THE CRISIS can do nothing better than to take out one bit of his earliest life and republish it in the hope and confident belief that this sample of his latest book will lead to buying and owning and reading it on the part of thousands of our subscribers. This is about his mother in Chapter II of Part I:

"I was born June 17, 1871, in the old house on the corner; but I have no recollection of having lived in it. Before I could be aware of such a thing my father had built a new house near the middle of his lot. In this new house was formed my first consciousness of home. My childish idea of it was that it was a great mansion. I saw nothing in the neighborhood that surpassed it in splendor. Of course, it was only a neat cottage. . . .

"When I was born, my mother was very ill, too ill to nurse me. Then she found a friend and neighbor in an unexpected quarter. Mrs. McCleary, her white neighbor who lived a block away, had a short while before given birth to a girl baby. When this baby was christened she was named Angel. The mother of Angel, hearing of my mother's plight, took me and nursed me at her breast until my mother had recovered sufficiently to give me her own milk. So it appears that in the land of black mammies I had a white one Between her and me there existed an affectionate relation through all my childhood; and even in after years when I had grown up and moved away I never, up to the time of her death, went back to my old home without paying her a visit and taking her some small gift.

"I do not intend to boast about a white mammy, for I have perceived bad taste in those Southern white people who are continually boasting about their black mammies. I know the temptation for them to do so is very strong, because the honor point on the escutcheon of Southern aristocracy, the sine qua non of a background of family, of good breeding and social prestige, in the South is the Black Mammy. Of course, many of the white people who boast of having had black mammies are romancing. Naturally, Negroes had black mammies, but black mammies for white people were expensive luxuries, and comparatively few white people had them.

"When I was about a year old, my father made a trip to New York, taking my mother and me with him. It was during this visit that I developed from a creeping infant into a walking child. Without doubt, my mother welcomed this trip. She was, naturally, glad to see again the city and friends of her childhood; and it is probable that she brought some pressure on my father to make another move—back to New York. If she did, it was without effect. I say she probably made some such effort because I know what a long time it took her to become reconciled to life in the South; in fact, she never did entirely. The New York of her childhood and youth was all the United States she knew. Latterly she had lived in a British colony under conditions that rendered the weight of race comparatively light. During the earlier days of her life in Jacksonville she had no adequate conception of her 'place.'

"And so it was that one Sunday morning she went to worship at St. John's Episcopal Church. As one who had been a member of the choir of Christ Church Cathedral she went quite innocently. She went, in fact, not knowing any better. In the chanting of the service her soprano voice rang out clear and beautiful, and necks were craned to discover the singer. On leaving the church she was politely but definitely informed that the St. John's congregation would prefer to have her worship the Lord elsewhere. Certainly she never went back to St. John's nor to any other Episcopal church; she followed her mother and joined Ebenezer, the colored Methodist Episcopal Church in Jacksonville, and became the choir leader.

"Racially she continued to be a nonconformist and a rebel. A decade or so after the St. John's Church incident Lemuel W. Livingston, a student at Cookman Institute, the Negro school in Jacksonville, founded and maintained by the Methodist Church (North), was appointed as a cadet to West Point. Livingston passed his written examinations, and the colored people were exultant. The members of Ebenezer Church gave a benefit that netted for him a purse of several hundred dollars. There was good reason for a show of pride; Livingston was a handsome, bronze-colored boy with a high reputation as a student, and appeared to be ideal material for a soldier and officer. But at the Academy he was turned down. The examining officials there stated that his eyesight was in some manner defective. The news that Livingston had been denied admission to West Point was given out at a Sunday service at Ebenezer Church. When at the same service the minister announced 'America' as a hymn, my mother refused to sing it.

"My mother was artistic and more or less impractical and in my father's opinion had absolutely no sense about money. She was a splendid singer and she had a talent for drawing. One day when I was about fifteen years old, she revealed to me that she had written verse, and showed me a thin sheaf of poems copied out in her almost perfect handwriting. She was intelligent and possessed a quick though limited sense of humor. But the limitation of her sense of humor was quite the normal one: she had no relish for a joke whose butt was herself or her children; my father had the rarer capacity for laughing even at himself. She belonged to the type of mothers whose love completely surrounds their children and is all-pervading; mothers for whom sacrifice for the child means only an extension of love. Love of this kind often haunts the child in later years. He runs back again and again through all his memories, searching for a lapse or a lack or a falling short in that love so that he might in some degree balance his own innumerable thoughtlessnesses, his petty and great selfishnesses, his failures to begin to understand or value the thing that was once like the air he breathed; and the search is vain."

Don'ts For My Daughter

By JOSEPHINE SCHUYLER

George Schuyler is a well-known colored columnist. His wife happens to be white and Southern. This is the way she feels about their daughter.

I USED to find charm and amusement in certain propensities of the American Negro which now, thinking in terms of my daughter's future, appear to me to be far from desirable qualities for her to cultivate. Until recently, I should have considered it presumptuous for me to criticize Aframerica. Now I think I have the right to weigh and judge Negro as well as Caucasian society. My daughter will belong to both groups and it is to her interest that both be judged for what they are worth; and the bad in each be rejected.

I should hate for my daughter to learn about the Negro solely from the majority of books that, to date, have been written on him. I should hate for her to think of Negro character in terms of *Sweet Man* or *Scarlet Sister Mary*, or *Porgy*, even. When she goes to the best restaurants, or rides a Southern pullman, I should not want her to think of herself as "passing;" or as a white-faced "black" girl stealing sweets from the cupboard of the "real" whites. On the other hand, I do not want her to consider the people who make these ridiculous conditions, vicious, but simply badly educated, erring human beings who are not necessarily wrong on everything because they are wrong on the Negro. Everybody is wrong about something, but in order to go abroad among our fellow men at all we have to, where and when possible, ignore those subjects upon which we do not agree.

Until her character is thoroughly formed, I should greatly dislike Philippa to see *All God's Chillun Got Wings, In Abraham's Bosom*, or *Green Pastures*. For I do not wish her to get the idea that one side of her ancestry is more simple, childish, or spiritual than the other. But neither should I want her to see *Harlem* or *Lulu Belle* or to read *Nigger Heaven*, or *Home to Harlem*, which overemphasize the carnal side of the Aframerican. In order to make the Negro more picturesque than perhaps he is, it has been the habit of our literary and dramatic spokesmen, black and white, to harp too much upon one quality. The Negro is pictured as either more bestial or more spiritual than the rest of mankind. Americans, after the excitement, glory and brutality of the World War, needed to find something in their midst to satisfy their exaggerated thirst for novelty. So they turned hopefully to the, until then, neglected Negro for imaginative sustenance. Should Philippa be fed these exaggerations for truth she would soon begin to think of herself as distinctly "different." And as soon as the mind conceives of a nation or a race as essentially "different," and by this I mean either better or worse than other nations or races, then a fallacious picture of human society is formed.

Because the Aframerican has created the Spirituals does not signify that he is *inherently* more spiritual than the white. The peasants of all nations sing of their tribulations. There is nothing negroid about it. Just as there is nothing essentially African about those bawdy aspects of American Negro life which literature and the stage here have so emphasied. The peasant is always more realistic because he cannot spare the time and has not the money required to be subtle or indirect in the manifestation of his senses. We have it on good authority that the native African in his village knows almost nothing of the sexual extremes glorified so constantly in the ballads of Harlem and Dixie.

Phillipa Schuyler

There are, it is true, minor differences between cultures but they are not so great as is believed and are not inborn and permanent but enviromental and fleeting. Most native Africans may not know how to act in an English drawing room, but then, neither do most Englishmen know how to behave in the home of an African.

So I will keep both Spirituals and "Shake That Thing" away from Philippa until her character is formed. And until she speaks the best modern American English I shall not allow her to read verse or prose in "Negro" dialect. So-called "Negro" dialect is simply the vernacular spoken by both the whites and blacks in Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas. I certainly shall not start her off on Cowboy songs just because I was born in Texas; nor teach her that because I am part Irish, part French and part Scotch, I am essentially either more cantankerous, frivolous or mercenary than other people. I wish her to visualize no superficial stereotype of any race or nation.

I shall no more speak of Africa as her "Fatherland" than I would grow sentimental about Ireland or France. What does it matter to me or to her that some of our ancestors hailed from those shores? It is trite to even mention the fact. Everybody in America came from somewhere, even the American Indian. It would not, of course, be necessary even to think of such things were it not that in Negro society there are Negrophiles, just as there are Negrophobes among whites. I want her to consider both attitudes equally ridiculous, the product of emotionalism and conceit.

On the other hand I shall certainly acquaint her early with the Negro Work songs. "John Henry" is an admirable giant with his superb self confidence and sincere love of workmanship–a heroic character for children, either black or white, to emulate. Whereas the Spirituals would teach her self-pity, docility and negation of life–the worst of human qualities–"John Henry" would fill her with a desire to achieve and surpass, to never surrender a principle even in the face of overwhelming odds.

Neither shall I teach her the popular fallacy that Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves. I shall explain to her how America outgrew chattel slavery in both the economic and spiritual sense. I shall not allow her to think of her darker ancestry as all slave ancestry. The

Greeks do not consider themselves slaves because Rome once used them as chattels. The English do not feel that they are indelibly marked with the taint of inferiority because Rome at one time lorded it over the British Isles and Roman intellectuals wrote books proving Britons to be hopeless barbarians.

What I wish to say is that although there is a Negro problem in the United States today it is neither unique nor eternal. And I do not consider it either necessary or salutary to regard the situation of the Negro here as tragic. There is nothing quite so tedious as the Negrophile who sees himself and his "people" as martyrs except perhaps the 100 per cent Nordic who thinks of himself as the modern savior of the world.

To picture the average Negro as a clown who sobs under his masque of laughter is sheer nonsense. It is an appealing figure of speech, no more. Such a mortal, if he existed, would be awfully hard to live with. The majority of Negro peasants, whom the simile is supposed to fit, are simply hard working farmers trying to feed and clothe a houseful of children. They are no more the tragic clown than the poor whites of the same district. Both, from the point of view of the wealthy and sophisticated, seem somewhat tragic; and both, when they laugh, may seem to an onlooker to be acting the part of a gallant Pagliacci. But the laughter of any human being would, to the gods on Olympus, seem slightly tragic.

Everyone is saddled with some problem but most people manage to stumble along with their burdens and still derive a great amount of pleasure from life. We should neither be condemned nor praised overmuch for being rational enough to do so.

I want Philippa to understand that the Negro problem is not nearly so important as Negrophiles would have us believe, not nearly as important as the class struggle. Only in so far as the Negro question overlaps and intensifies the class struggle does it really loom significant. However, to dwell too much on the class struggle also has a warping effect upon the character.

So, first of all, I shall teach Philippa that there is but one race, the human race; and but one thing of lasting importance, life. I shall try to give her a realistic point of view so that she will be able to live like a good soldier: fighting when necessary, but without believing herself to be a heroine or her cause to be any more hallowed and scared than many another which has motivated human behavior since time immemorial. I shall encourage her to see the ironies of life, the charm that lies in inconsistency; for, I want her to learn to laugh at the Negro problem, not like a clown through tears of self-pity, but heartily, like a strong and healthy citizen of the world who sees it to be a colorful, sometimes terrible, always absurd phase of this so-called civilization.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Naughty Japanee

This Poem was copied from a recent publication in Manchoucuo, perhaps the first English book published over there in the newly born colored nation.

I AM bad
All others good;

O wherefore should this be?
Strong nations have their lovers
—Except the Japanee.

Look upon the cheery Indo-China,
For brunet Senegal spare but a glance;
Syria too considers with a grin
How deep her debt to kindly rule of France.

For I am bad
All others good;
O wherefore should this be?
There's place for you in heaven
—But not the Japanee.

Children of the jewel Irish Isle
Johnny Bull their tender homage give;
Ghandi's natives likewise fondly smile,
Grateful they have still a right to live.

Yes I am bad
All others good;
O wherefore should this be?
Make way for all the righteous
—This bars the Japanee.

Mongol Herder murmurs "Vice La Russe"!
Master's voice is heard at every campfire.
Who would care to make the smallest fuss
In Soviet Union's gentle empire?

I am bad
All others good;
O wherefore should this be?
Hell is closed to everyone
—Except the Japanee.

Benevolent the pious hand of Sam;
Europe for his loans is full of praise;
Hawaii, Haiti, blacks in Alabam,
Bless his rule that brings delirious days.

Ugh! I am bad
All others good;
O wherefore should this be?
Faultless are the empires
—Except the Japanee.

Destiny has marked us on the stage,
Villain part as foil against the rest;
How else could sanctified and sage
Except by contrast rate themselves the best?

So I am bad
All others good;
O wherefore should this be?
All mankind's in union
—But the naughty Japanee.

My Brother to the Wheel

By I. M. INGIANNI

I FEEL a throbbing at my temples now,
The snorting engines keep a rhythmic beat,
The dusty fumes are nauseous in the heat
Where a soiled worker stops to dry his brow.

I gaze at him, my brother to the wheel,
I know the terror and the gulf between—
Yet we are bound together by machine,
Together stunned by bolts of fiery steel.
This tunnel that we build runs through our heart,
We are the ground on which each beam is laid.
He bears the cross like him who was betrayed,
I wear the crown of thorns—each one his part.
Golgotha is the road of our defeat
And lots are cast beneath the bleeding feet.

Some o' These Days

By JONATHAN HENDERSON BROOKS

AND I heard the souls of the oppressed,
The souls of them on the altar, praying:
"Faithful and True, how long?
When cometh the season of rest?"
And again,
At the time of the singing of birds in the Spring,
I heard the sepia seers saying
An old prophetic thing—
Singing as it were a new song:
Amen;
Alleluia.
Trouble doan las' always.
Halleluiah!
Some o' these days!

"Too Rich To Be a Niggar"

FORTY-ODD years ago, when stalwart Young Dendy and slim Martha Duckett were married, their fortune consisted of youth, health and intelligence. They went to housekeeping with cheerful enthusiasm in a one-roomed cabin. Today they live in a spacious home; but the South has robbed them of their gay enthusiasm.

Then their future held no shadow. Young was a carpenter, able and reliable, hence always in demand. He did not know what it meant to be out of a job. His energetic Martha took in washings, kept the cabin spic and span, nursed and cared for her healthy brown babies. Together they worked and saved and shrewdly invested their savings. They moved into a two-roomed cabin, and then, as they prospered and their family grew, they built themselves a neat, four-roomed cottage.

As the children grew the young parents watched them thoughtfully. They sent them to school with punctual regularity and took it as a matter of course that they should lead their classes. Less was hardly tolerated in the Dendy home. But school was not enough. There were the long sunny vacation months to be provided with an occupation. So they bought a little plot of ground—not too much—on which a small cotton crop could be made and the lesson of labor learned as small muscles grew hard. Even baby Mattie, the pet of the family knew what chopping cotton meant and picked her full share from the ripened bolls.

By the time that William, the oldest, had finished the local school Mr. Dendy had become a contractor and was putting up buildings for the white people of Clinton from plans drawn by himself. His integrity was a by-word. And Mrs. Dendy was not behind him. She now hired the best workers in town to help in her laundry although the difficult pieces were trusted to no hands but her own. With the college students whose work she did she formed genuine friendships, and they relished with youthful appreciation her shrewd and humorous insight.

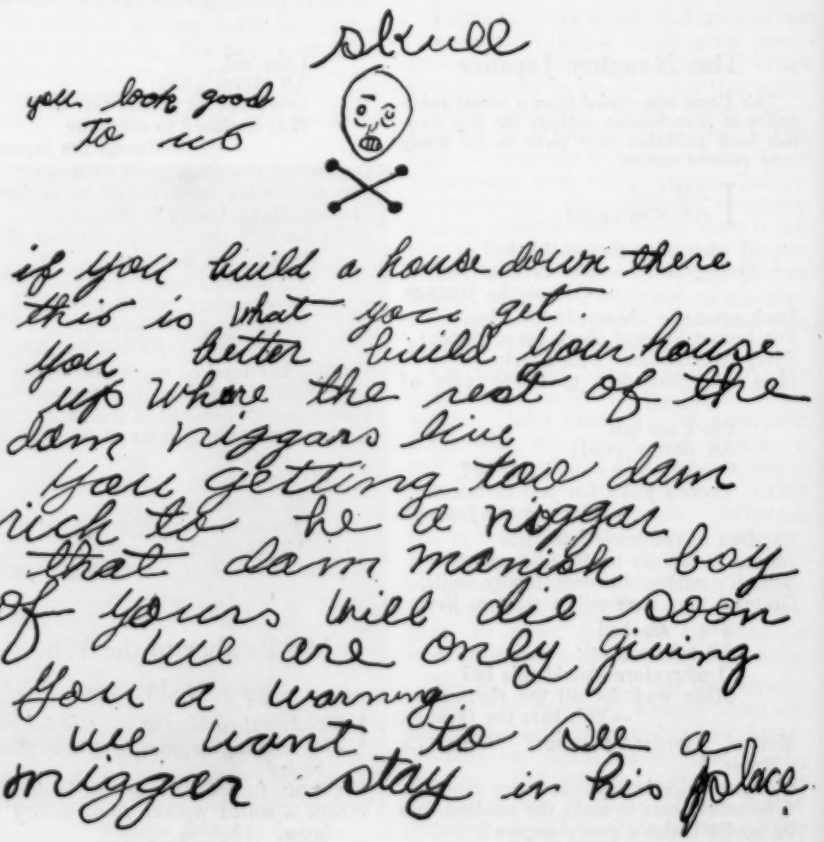
But Clinton was of the South, Southern. "We are the best friends of the Negroes," said the white people; "of course, *they are our servants and must stay in their place.*" And so, as they prospered, the Dendys were watched closely for the first signs of "uppishness." But with consummate tact and judgment they avoided touching the sore spots of the sensitive Southerners. Except in one place. *They educated their children.* William was sent away to school, then to college, to medical school. When he had become a practising physician in a Northern city their white neighbors were reluctantly proud of him, uneasily admiring. Robert, the second son, also went North when he had finished college, and rumors of his success in New York City reached the home town—rumors pleasantly substantiated when, on his later visits he made extensive purchases from the home town merchants.

> *In Clinton, South Carolina, there are three fine large public school buildings—**for white children.** They are built of brick, two-stories, with excellent equipment, and they are free. There is a splendid high school, the pride of the town—for white children.*
>
> *For **colored children** (the population is 60% colored) there is one school. It is a one-story building with fair equipment furnished largely by private funds. The teachers are well-trained. But it is not free. Each child must pay two dollars a year for the privilege of going to this "public school," in addition to buying his books. Those who cannot pay, and there are many, do not go to school.*

Viola was perhaps the most popular of all among the white folk. She, pretty and earnest, introduced her favorite subject of home economics in the colored school. By her own persuasive efforts she got the support of the banker who furnished funds for adequate equipment, and of other white people.

And so on. Three of the other Dendy children are now teaching in high schools. One, disabled in the war, is in a military hospital. Then there was *Norris.*

NORRIS had inherited his mother's high spirits without her sagacity, his father's intelligence without his caution. Brighter than most, he could "outsmart" the white boys. Unwillingly they recognized this and their resentment grew and smoldered. Sullenly they saw him go away to school, indignant, even though many of them had left school by their own preference, or through sheer boredom. It was inappropriate that he should go to college while they stayed at home. He went first to State College in South Carolina.


Skull
you look good
To us
if you build a house down there
this is what you get
You better build your house
up Where the rest of the
dam niggars live
You getting too dam
rich to be a niggar
that dam manish boy
of yours will die soon
We are only giving
You a warning
we want to see a
niggar stay in his place

then to Virginia Union University. Then he came home.

In 1924 Mr. and Mrs. Dendy decided to build a new house, a comfortable home, large enough for the children, now grown, to return to for family reunions. They selected the location and bought a lot, not on one of the straggling, ill-kept lanes of the colored section, but in a good block on the outskirts of the town, on a well lighted street where improvements were available. There were white homes just a block away. They chose the place from no false pride or snobbishness, but from a desire for the simple comfort of sanitation. When the framework was up, showing the size of the structure, the house became the chief topic of conversation at the dinner tables of the town. Discussion went on furiously. The "best people" approved, openly expressed their approval; but from the "cracker" class came violent indignation —*jealous* indignation, because the Dendys' new house was a two-story house, as good as a white man's; better than many of theirs.

One morning Mr. Dendy received a letter, anonymous and bearing at the top a crudely drawn skull and crossbones.

"You look good to us," it read. "If you build a house down there this is what you get you better build your house up where the rest of the dam niggars live. You getting too dam rich to be a niggar. That dam manish boy of yours will die soon.

"We are only giving you a warning."

"We want to see a niggar stay in his place."

The "manish boy" was Norris.

Mr. Dendy went quietly on with his building, watchfully alert. Public sentiment swayed to his side and nothing happened. Only, from that time Norris became an object of persecution. The crowd of boot-legging, petty politicians who were gradually coming to control the town were out to "get" him. The very presence of this self-reliant boy, well-dressed, educated and intelligent, was an affront to the inferior whites. Twice he was framed on a charge of receiving stolen goods. Without evidence he was convicted in the local court and acquitted on appeal. He had a good lawyer, the best, it was said, in the county. Things had come to a pretty pass when a nigger could hire him a lawyer and win his case in the white man's court. "He's too smart," they grumbled. "His daddy got too much money for a nigger." They arrested him on other charges and with each acquittal (he never was convicted) their rancor grew.

On the fourth of July, 1933, the colored people of Clinton had a picnic at Lake Murray. Norris drove one truck-load of picnickers and Marvin Lollis, a white man, drove another. Late in the afternoon a dispute arose between Norris and the white man on the subject, it is said, of the relative merits of the trucks they were driving. The argument grew heated, culminating in a verbal outburst from Lollis to which Norris replied by striking him on the mouth.

THE rest of the story is brief. The excuse for which they had been waiting was furnished. Rushing back to town on his truck Norris was met and arrested by officers and placed in the local jail—two cells at the back of the police station. His young wife and his mother came to see him but could not get him released. Men began to gather about the building. By nine o'clock a mob filled the police station and cars lined the street outside. The arrival of a man with a coil of rope was the signal for someone to unlock the cell, and the struggle began. Norris was a powerful man and no coward, but finally he was overpowered and bound. His mother stood outside, his baby in her arms, her frantic pleadings in vain, as they threw him in a car and drove away. Somebody knocked her down and all she remembers after that is the line of cars speeding past the Methodist church.

Next day the body was officially "discovered" a few miles out of town. He had been half-strangled before they beat him to death.

Clinton—white Clinton—has had its revenge. Mr. and Mrs. Dendy, in their spacious home, go drearily about the day's routine. Perhaps it is as well for them that they have Amanda, Norris' girl-widow, and her babies to provide for. The sympathy of their friends, white and colored, brings small comfort. A life-time of exemplary behavior could not protect their boy from the white savage.

"What was the use?" ponders Mrs. Dendy as she mechanically rocks the baby. Everywhere oppressed Negroes echo, "What *is* the use?"

Shame

(*After reading Countee Cullen's "COLOR"*)

By Laura E. Forrest

COUNTEE CULLEN is my brother—
For I hold there is no other
Relationship than that
Within the mind.

By the Earth we all were mothered—
By ONE SPIRIT all were fathered,
And identity is lost as dust
Upon the wind.

Dark and passionate broad bosom
Of our Mother—*which* the blossom
Of your long and fruitful loving,
Love you best?

He who would that bosom ravage
With his thrusting towers, and savage
Scars that wind and tear and gouge
Your helpless breast—

Wayward son who won't obey you—
Who would throttle, rape, and slay you—
Who would question—aye! disown you—
(For you're black)—

Who would, like some loathsome spider,
Feed upon your wounds, and wider
Make the stripes our Father lashed
Into your back—

Who proclaims, "All men are equal!"—
And then adds—as cruel sequel—
"*With exceptions*—not outside
Their rank or caste!"—

Who would name his brother "Cousin"—
Thus accuse you of a dozen
Dark illicit amours
In the past—

Do you love *this* one the better—
Or the one who bears the fetter
Of your passionate great nature,
And dark skin?

Hold you not him sweeter—dearer—
Press you not a little nearer
To his heart who holds your heart
Within,

As his heart is held in yours?
Open you not wide your doors
To this brother we have long refused
To claim—

Who hears all your muted voices—
Whose dark breast with yours rejoices—
Whose warm color and whose laughter
Are the same?

I am weary, oh my Mother,
Trying to disown my brother—
For I see we both return unto you
At the last,

And I would make peace with Brother—
(And with *you* Dark Ancient Mother)—
In the shelter of your bosom
Kind and vast,

I would have your arms enfold me—
I would have you reach and hold me,
Quickly—kindly—as you do
The Darker Race.

With the veil of your dark tresses,
Cover me! With quick caresses
Bury me in your dark bosom!
Hide my face!

WHAT OUR READERS SAY

"THE NEGRO ARRIVES"

By C. W. KIRKPATRICK

"'Taint no sin to laugh and grin—that's why darkies were born." Well, what of it? Is that anything to be ashamed of? I, for one, think not. I would rather regard it as something to be proud of. I consider it a fortunate achievement or characteristic—whichever it may be—this happy-go-lucky care-free spirit of the Negro. As a friendly and interested Caucasian may I say that I am stating my own feeling and that of many of my friends in saying, we envy you. You have attained where we have failed.

It would be futile for me to attempt to acquire that detached "Hallelujah" spirit peculiar to your race, and time and again I have wished I could somehow attain it. A friend once said to me: "If I could be born again, and had my way about it, I'd want to be born a colored man,—not one of those light-toned fellows—just a common 'nigger.' They're the happiest people I've ever seen." He went on to say that in contrast he found himself constantly fretting about foolish worries. What more in the way of success could one ask than learning to minimize his troubles; and to find happiness, entertainment and even hilarity in the commonplaces of life. Someone has said it is just as important to learn to play right as to learn to work right.

Lest I am misunderstood, let me hasten to explain that I am fully aware of the sorry lot — the suffering and misery of many Negroes. My acquaintance with your race has been rather intimate and wide. I do not believe all colored folks are living in a perennial seventh heaven—not by any means. I realize that since the depression began your hardships and abuses have been greatly aggravated, and no doubt many of your number rarely become acquainted with joy.

But, on the other hand, I believe this helps to explain why the Negro—generally speaking—has developed his constant smile, his never-failing joviality. Circumstances have forced him to do it. He is to be congratulated for instead of yielding to the pressure of misfortune and bowing down in hopeless despair, he has adopted a compensating philosophy of life. I read in an article not long ago the statement that "The Negro laughs at himself, he laughs at the white folks, he laughs at the whole world." Not a bad idea, I think. I consider that a pretty good way to meet life. Usually, those who take life so seriously not only fail to help matters any, but only succeed in making themselves miserable.

Now I'll agree that it is a far cry from the idiotic, phlegmatic, pseudo-humor of the Amos and Andy variety to the role of the colored companion—his name slips me—of Al Jolson in "Hallelujah, I'm a bum." Ivan Earle Taylor in his article "The Negro Arrives" in the October CRISIS, indicates he would put both these characters in the same category. I cannot agree. On the one hand, the Negro is represented as being stupid, dull, ignorant. But in the latter instance, he is alert, eager, bright. Why attach so much significance to the occasion that he is the valet of a white man. He is also his closest friend. He occupies a more important position both in the picture and in the life of the hero than does anyone else in the picture with the exception, of course, of the heroine.

"Farina" in "You Said a Mouthful" is not only Joe Brown's intimate friend, but his instructor as well.

I have not as yet had the opportunity of seeing "Emperor Jones," but I have read a great deal about it, and I have noted the emphasis has always been placed on the marvelous acting of Paul Robeson.

It seems to me that some cultured members of your race have become hyper-sensitive (if I may coin a fitting word) on these matters. Because of this they are unable to form balanced judgments on occasions. That is the way the article already referred to impressed me. Of course there is much truth in it, and I resent with all my heart and soul the many insults which have been heaped upon the Negro race.

The comic-strip conception of the Negro is in keeping with the general intelligence level of those features. The same is true to some extent in the movies, radio, skits and the like. But I think it is going too far to say: "Everywhere among the arts and lesser arts the Negro is submitted to and submits himself to contumely and ridicule." I don't believe the facts justify such a sweeping statement.

Nor is the unlettered Negro the only group which is ridiculed and sported for the amusement of others. Let us recall other types: the Greek peddler; the Jewish gesticulator; the hill-billy from the sticks who is nearly run over by a street car as he cranes his neck to look at the city skyscrapers; the typical American bum.

All intelligent people realize that the Negro who is made sport of in some way is not representative of the entire race—but rather of a group within the race. This is true in his case as in the other instances just cited. It isn't setting off a race by itself, but rather a class.

It is true that in the movies and drama, the Negro usually appears in a menial or servile role. The reason, of course, is that such is his role in the white man's world for which these entertainments are produced. (I have often thought it their own movies—reproducing their own natural life situations.)

Many times something which on the surface may appear derogatory may have subtler possibilities. Let me cite an example. In the movie, "The Night of Terror," the colored chauffeur, as may be expected, amuses the audience with his comic fright. On one occasion he is asked, "What would you do if you'd see the maniac man." He replies while trembling, "I'd have the distinction of being the first man to sprout wings and fly." No doubt many sensitive Negroes would see in that only the offensive implications. But to me the spontaneous wit of the remark is more conspicuous. That's what I mean in speaking of a sense of balance in evaluating and analyzing such incidents.

"Green Pastures" has been lauded from coast to coast because of its intense drama and superb acting. Few indeed would be the number of those who consider the play a portrayal of the concepts of the entire race. They see in it only the conception of superstitious, ignorant, highly-emotional Negroes of the old South. The dramatization, the excellent character portrayals make the lasting impression.

I am moved to say a few words about the spiritual. Of course it portrays a rather primitive theology. But it also gives expression to the purest and noblest of human emotions and aspirations; the longing for freedom; the search for a release from unbearable burdens; the flight from sin and its author, the Devil; the complete surrender to God. To me, at least, these are magnificent and beautiful ideals. The spiritual is an integral part of Negro love. Your race should take pride in it. It is part of your life. It is your own creation. Plantation and jubilee singers have become popular throughout the country and have contributed, enormously, to a sympathetic understanding of the Negro's culture and problems.

I certainly agree with Mr. Taylor on many points, but I insist he has given us only one side of the picture. I have tried to briefly summarize the other side. We should see both.

Brooklyn Branch Goes Over Top Again

By ALEXANDER F. MILLER, Branch President

THE Brooklyn, New York, Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, in October, conducted a most successful membership campaign under the direction of Mrs. Daisy Lampkin, Regional Field Secretary. Despite the depression, the Branch secured a total amount of $638.11 in memberships and subscriptions. This result was $38.11 more than the campaign goal which was set at $600.00. Six teams, consisting of 50 workers were active in the campaign. The captains of the three teams reporting the largest number of memberships were Miss Ruth Duckett, 1st; Miss Marian Allen, 2nd; and Mrs. Sarah Russell, 3rd. Miss Duckett headed up a team recruited from the membership of Bridge Street A. M. E. Church; Mrs. Russell, a team from Concord Baptist Church, and Miss Allen, a team largely composed of members of the Executive Committee of the Branch.

A total of 399 members was secured in the campaign, apportioned as follows: $10.00—3; $5.00—17; $2.50—74, $1.00—305. Of the 305 $1.00 memberships, 168 were renewals and 137 new; of the 74 $2.50 memberships, 39 were renewals and 35 new; of the 17 $5.00 memberships, 9 were renewals and 8 new; of the $10.00 memberships, 2 were renewals and 1 new.

To stimulate the captains and workers in the campaign, in addition to the prizes given by the CRISIS, the Brooklyn Branch awarded as it did last year, a silver loving cup to the captain or worker bringing in the largest number of memberships. This cup was awarded to Miss Ruth Duckett who, following in the footsteps of her mother who won the cup in 1932, was successful in bringing in the largest number of memberships this year. A silver cup was also presented to Miss Marian Allen who has served as Secretary of the Branch for the last two years and, particularly, because of her having brought in over $200.00 as the captain of the team bringing in the second largest number of memberships.

The Brooklyn Branch of the N. A. A. C. P., always returns the largest proportional number of subscriptions to THE CRISIS. *We want this honor to be won by everybody!*

Branches can help THE CRISIS *by urging support for it at every meeting, and by making prompt reports to the National Office of campaigns. New subscribers must be advised when they might expect the magazine. The office can mail* THE CRISIS *only when the branch has made its report.*

The CRISIS prizes were as follows: 5 years' subscription to Dr. W. R. R. Granger; 3 years' subscription to Miss Marian Allen and one year's subscription to Mrs. Sarah Russell. These prizes were awarded on the basis of the amount of money brought in by individual workers.

The campaign had as its general chairman, A. Q. Martin, one of Brooklyn's most prominent business men, who did a most commendable job in creating large public interest. The cooperation given by the churches and civic organizations of the city is incalculable. The Branch under his leadership has grown steadily in memberships and activities during the past three years.

One of the high lights of the campaign just closed was the mass meeting held at Bridge Street Church of which Dr. C. W. Stewart is pastor, on Sunday afternoon, October 16th. On this occasion the speakers were Rev. J. Howard Melish, Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity; Honorable George E. Wibecan, President of the Crispus Attucks Community Council, Mrs. Daisy Lampkin, Regional Secretary and Alexander F. Miller, President of the Branch.

For the past four years the Brooklyn Branch has been on the Honor Roll of Branches. During this period each year it has sent to the National Office a minimum of $500.00 as its share of the responsibility of carrying on the work. In 1931 it sent over $700.00. Although most of this money was raised through memberships and subscriptions, no inconsiderable part was secured through special efforts initiated by the Women's Auxiliary and individual members. This year in April the Junior League gave a dramatic presentation for the benefit of the Branch under the direction of Joseph Jeffers, a younger member of the Executive Committee. Although it was not financially successful, because of large expenses, it was artistically a fine production. The educational results of this affair were many; it did much to present the program of the Association to a large number of people who hitherto had known little, if anything, about it.

THE BROOKLYN BRANCH N.A.A.C.P.

Miss Ruth Duckett
Team Captain

Alexander F. Miller
President

Mrs. Sarah F. Russell
Team Captain

A. Q. Martin
Treasurer

Miss Marian Allen
Team Captain

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

AMERICA

Lillian A. Alexander (see cover)

Mrs. Lillian A. Alexander of New York City, wife of Dr. Ernest R. Alexander, Visiting Dermatologist at Harlem Hospital, has been elected Chairman of the 137th Street Branch, Y.W.C.A. She had previously served as Chairman of the Educational Committee of this branch for the past eight years. In addition, she is a member of the Committee on Public Affairs of the National Board of the Y.W.C.A., and a member of the Laboratory Division.

Mrs. Alexander was born at Yellow Springs, Ohio. She is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, Phi Beta Kappa. She has served as State (Ohio) President of the Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, as Parliamentarian of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority. She is Treasurer of The Crisis Publishing Company; Chairman of the Nominating Committee for this year of the N.A.A.C.P.; a charter and life member of the National Association of College Women; Treasurer of the Columbus Hill Day Nursery; founder of the Club Caroline, a cooperative housing project for working girls in New York.

Federal Housing

A dual public works development authorized by the federal government to relieve unemployment in Atlanta provides for the construction of modern housing in the vicinity of Atlanta University campus and for the erection of apartments for 557 families in the vicinity of Georgia Institute of Technology. The University housing project is to cost $1,250,000 and to provide apartments for approximately 800 Negro families. Construction of the buildings will give employment to about 800 men for a period of from six to eight months. The advantages of such a project to the community and to the already beautiful site of Atlanta University will include adequate space for sidewalks, parks, playgrounds and other recreational facilities.

Women's Connectional Council

The session of the Women's C. M. E. Connectional Council held in St. Paul's C. M. E. Church, Chicago, Illinois, attracted the attention of the most prominent women and men of the city. The program considered topics of religious and social significance. Legislation and plans for the 1934 General Conference in St. Louis were outlined. Attending the conference were Congressman Oscar De Priest, Dr. Mary F. Waring, president of the National Association of Colored Women, Bishops C. H. Phillips and R. A. Carter and other prominent churchmen and laymen. Dr. Mattie E. Coleman was president.

Mrs. John Shrayer

N.A.A.C.P. second prize winner, Denver, Colo.

West Virginia Education

Under the County Unit Law, recently passed by the Legislature of West Virginia, Negroes may be appointed to the office of Assistant County Superintendent in charge of Negro Schools. Andrew H. Calloway, L. A. Watkins, and John B. Elliot have been appointed to that office in Kanawha, McDowell, and Raleigh counties, respectively.

Negro State Board

On the new Negro State Board of Education in West Virginia which was authorized by the last Legislature, two Negroes have been named by Governor Kump: E. L. Powell, a graduate of Fisk University and George Williams, a graduate of the West Virginia State College. I. J. K. Wells who was graduated from Lincoln University (Pa.) is Secretary of the Board and State Supervisor of Negro Schools.

"Along This Way"

The Viking Press, 18 East 48th Street, New York City, will conduct a prize essay contest on the following title: "What This Book Means to the Negro Student," —from 200-300 words. The following prizes will be given: First Prize: $25.00 and a copy of "Along This Way." Second: $10.00 and a copy of "Along This Way." Third: $5.00 and a copy of "Along This Way." Fourth, Fifth and Sixth: An autographed copy of "Along This way." The judges will be: Crystal Bird, Benjamin Brawley, George S. Schuyler.

Negro Farm Problems

An educational campaign to acquaint Negro farmers with the local facilities offered by the Farm Credit Administration of the national government has begun under the directorship of Dr. Henry A. Hunt, Dr. Hunt, who was principal of the Fort Valley Normal and Industrial School of Fort Valley, Georgia, is Director of Special Service for Negro Farmers and has headquarters at Washington, D. C. Most of his work, however, will be done in the field. At the Amenia conference, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Governor of the Farm Credit Administration, was guest speaker and asked the aid of the conference in making his appointment of a colored assistant in the department affecting colored farmers in the South. Dr. Hunt was recommended. The conference also made suggestions concerning Negro farm problems.

Grant-Lee Memorial

The proposed erection of a Grant-Lee memorial monument at Appomattox, Virginia, has received heated opposition from the Confederate veterans of Georgia. A resolution transmitted to President Roosevelt stated their grievance thus: it "commemorates and memorializes wrong over right . . . the subjugation of the South, and the institution of carpet-bagger supremacy in the South."

Eugene Kinckle Jones

Eugene Kinckle Jones, for twenty-three years Executive Secretary of the National Urban League, has been appointed Adviser on Negro Affairs in the Department of Commerce. For over a score of years Mr. Jones has been associated with leagues and associations throughout the nation in an effort to better race relations, to ameliorate the conditions of thousands of migrant workers, and to carefully train Negro youths for social service. Mr. Jones has not severed his relationship to the Executive Board of the National Urban League but will resume his services when his duties with the Government have ceased.

In the Department of Interior

Dr. Joseph L. Johnson of Columbus, Ohio, and Robert C. Weaver, Washington, D. C., have been appointed to positions in the office of Clark Foreman, Advisor on the Economic Status of Negroes to Secretary Ickes. Dr. Johnson served as minister to Liberia under President Wilson and in the last campaign worked for the election of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Weaver, one of the founders of the Joint Committee on National Recovery, was professor of economics at A. & T. College, Greensboro, N. C.

Congress Against War

Delegates to the United States Congress Against War, gathered from 35 states in New York, adopted unanimously a manifesto which reads in part: "By virtue of the mandate granted by the thousands of delegates from all sections of this country and groups of the population . . . bound together in their desire for peace, . . . the ruined and exploited farmers, the oppressed Negro people, the sections of the middle class bankrupted by the crisis, the groups of intellectuals of all occupations, men, women and youth, together, organize their invincible force in disciplined battalions for the decisive struggle to defeat imperialist war." At the mass meetings, William Pickens, Field Secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., spoke.

Worker of the Past

Most people have forgotten Sojourner Truth, that courageous Dutch-Negro woman who labored so long for the human rights of her people. Born in Ulster County of New York state in the late eighteenth century, her eventful life preceded and survived for over a decade the great civil conflict that was to change the character of American social and industrial life. In her young womanhood she began her association with workers in the cause of human freedom, leading an itinerant existence, going from town to town and holding meetings of her own.

Mrs. Francis D. Gage, a champion of women's rights relates the following story of Sojourner Truth:

"Once upon a Sabbath in Michigan an abolition meeting was held. Parker Pillsbury was speaker, and criticized freely the conduct of the churches regarding slavery. While he was speaking there came up a fearful thunder storm. A young Methodist arose, and interrupting the speaker, said he felt alarmed; he felt as if God's judgment was about to fall on him for daring to sit and hear such blasphemy; that it made his hair almost rise with terror. Here a voice, sounding above the rain that beat upon the roof, the sweeping surge of the winds, the crashing of the limbs of trees, the swaying of branches and the rolling of thunder, spoke out: 'Child, don't be afraid; you are not going to be harmed. I don't expect God's ever heard tell of you.'" It was Sojourner Truth.

SCHOOLS

Howard University

For the education by research and travel of qualified students, the late Dr. Lucy E. Moton, retired principal of Miner Normal School, left the greater portion of her estate. Under the terms of her will, a fund will be provided at Howard University for the education by travel of students, regardless of sex, creed or color, who shall within a limited time complete their definite courses of study in the college department and qualify to travel in the interest of research and knowledge. Selection of such students will be on the basis of scholarship, moral character and pleasing personality.

Meharry Medical Students

The National Board of Medical Examiners announces that six Meharry students who took Part I of the board examinations last June passed successfully and that Mr. William L. Silcott received the highest grade attained in Physiology. Another Meharry student, William N. Harper was placed sixth highest among the "Ten Honor Men" with a general average of 91.17. Five hundred and ninety-three medical students from colleges of medicine throughout the United States, and in Canada took the examinations.

Morgan Dramatics

Morgan College is offering a well selected series of courses in Dramatic Art to its students in addition to the splendid opportunity the college Dramatic Club affords for dramatic expression. The courses include Study of the Drama, Dramatic Interpretation, Playwriting, the Art of the Little Theatre, Dramatic Production, Community Dramatics and Religious Drama.

Meet John Williams
He's 4 years old and weighs 70 pounds

Atlanta School of Social Work

Every graduate of the Atlanta School of Social Work of the past June has been placed in social work employment. Many of the students were employed in supervisory work in the administration of Federal Relief and are training and supervising untrained aides taken out of the local community. In communities where the need has been most pressing, senior students of the School of Social Work have undertaken work on the Federal program.

Tuskegee Fire

Douglass Hall, one of the women's dormitories of Tuskegee Institute was destroyed by fire of unknown origin. The loss, estimated at about $60,000 was covered by insurance and the building will be replaced by a new one. At the time of the fire students and teachers were at vesper services in the Institute chapel.

Nannie Burroughs School

The National Training School at Lincoln Heights announces the closing of the boarding department of the school during the winter months. The children's department, a new venture will operate the entire year beginning April 15, 1934.

ART

"Show Boat"

There is to be quite shortly a production of "Show Boat" on the Pacific Coast, and the role sung previously by Jules Bledsoe and Paul Robeson will be filled by a young Negro, Kenneth Spenser. The music critics of San Francisco and Los Angeles have warmly praised Mr. Spenser's voice, Redfern Mason of the *San Francisco Examiner* calling it "the rich golden basso of a mature artist."

African Music

Mr. Ekundayo Phillips, African organist of the Lagos Episcopal Cathedral, has been giving organ recitals in London and explaining African music.

WORK, WASTE AND WEALTH

The Negro and N.R.A.

The Joint Committee on National Recovery of the Federal Council of Churches has received the support of over fifteen national Negro and interracial organizations. It has pressed upon the Recovery Administration briefs in behalf of Negro workers and the betterment of their relations with white employers and workers in fifteen major industries. Facts and arguments were also offered against the establishment of differences in wages on the basis of artificial geographical lines. To the Government officials in charge of the Federal Relief Program, the Joint Committee proposed, that the Government see that such surplus products as Negro farmers may have to offer be bought from them; and that adequate safeguard be provided in the distribution

Frank Pearson

of these supplies to assure that needy Negroes be served in local communities without discrimination.

Laundry Owners' Convention

At the fiftieth annual convention and exhibit of the National Laundry Owners held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Fred Smith, colored, was one of the few representatives of Negro laundrymen. Mr. Smith is owner and proprietor of the Smith Electric Laundry located on Berlin Road in Haddonfield, New Jersey. It is the only modern laundry in the town and employs many Negroes.

New Negro Alliance

Two members of the "New Negro Alliance" have been arrested for picketing chain stores located in colored neighborhoods in an effort to obtain jobs. The New Negro Alliance is an association of college men and women who have organized to "protect employment of Negroes under the NRA program." To do this they have inaugurated a number of boycotts of stores discriminating against Negro workers but enjoying Negro trade.

Head Porter

Frank Pearson has completed twenty-six years as head porter in the Acacia Hotel, Colorado Springs, Colorado. At seventy-five years of age, still strong and rugged, Pearson controls the large staff of porters and bell-boys of the Hotel. He came to Colorado in 1876, worked on cattle ranges, cooked for cowboys and was associated with the foremost cattle men among the Colorado pioneers, John Hitson, H. H. Cramley, "Cap" Barron, and the Darling Brothers. In 1889-90 he went to Creede, Colorado, during the "big gold rush." He worked on the Denver and Rio Grand Western for a number of years. It was in 1907 that the Acacia Hotel was formally opened and Frank Pearson began his years of long service there.

SPORTS

Half-back Lilliard

Joe Lilliard, all-around athlete, who played half-back last season with the Chicago Cardinals of the National Professional Football League, has rejoined the squad.

Football at Minnesota

The game between the University of Minnesota and the University of Indiana was tied through the fine playing of Fitzhugh Lyons colored star, in the last eleven minutes of the game. Minnesota was leading with a 6 to 0 score when Lyons raced 60 yards for a touchdown. George Barton, sports editor of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, wrote, "Lyons spent most of the afternoon in Minnesota's backfield. Time and time again he broke through the Minnesota forwards to tackle the backs for losses." Jesse Babb, another colored youth, plays on the team.

E. A. Martindale, West Indian Cricketer

MR. JAMES CROW

In the Theatres

Warner Brothers Theatres, Inc., asked the New York postoffice officials for 150 substitute clerks to work as checkers of the corporation royalties on receipts. Clerks were to be employed at each box office of Warner Brothers Theatres in New York City. The request was made for "white only." Mr. Blake, Personnel Manager of Warner is quoted as follows: "We regret and I use the word 'regret' advisably that we cannot employ Negroes in this capacity. We do employ them in their proper capacity." The New York Local of the National Association of Substitute Post Office Employees, the N.A.A.C.P. and the New York Urban League have protested the policy of discrimination.

School Activities

Negro students were denied the privilege of attending swimming classes under Miss Marjorie Van Horn, teacher of gymnastics and hygiene in the Camden Academic High School. Classes were conducted in the pool of the Camden, New Jersey, Y. M. C. A. Mr. C. R. Hopkins, principal of the high school denies that the discrimination is drawn by the school and says that the swimming class is not a school activity. Miss Sara Shaw, executive secretary of the Y.W.C.A. when interviewed, stated that the class *was* a school activity. "The Camden Y.W.C.A.," she said, "favors the community, and it is not our purpose to force the mixing of races until the community is ready for it. Y.W.C.A.s throughout the country do not foster segregation, neither do they force mixing. I do not believe that the community would stand for mixing at this time."

WEST INDIES

Federation

A small English committee has recommended certain steps toward Federation in the West Indies but West Indians declare that these recommendations do not touch the main matter of giving to the people control of taxation and expenditure and making the proposed union according to interest and economic bonds. Trinidad and Granada, for instance, should be one. But instead of this, the proposal is for federation between the Windward Islands and the Leeward Islands with one governor. Of course, island provincialism still stands in the way.

AFRICA

Rhodesian Elections

A general election is pending in Rhodesia with the Rhodesian Party, the Reform Party and the Labor Party taking part. The Rhodesian Party is in favor of reserves for the natives and the extension of native councils. The Reform Party advocates not only territorial segregation but economic segregation as well.

"We propose that the country shall be divided into white and black areas. We want a different law applied to these areas. As the position is today there is a colour bar in this country against the white man. The white man can only enter a Native reserve in so far as his presence there serves the racial interests of the Native. We wish the same law to apply to Natives in respect of white areas. Natives should come into white areas only in so far as their presence serves the racial interests of the white race."

Northern Rhodesia has 1,100,000 blacks and 4,200 whites. Southern Rhodesia has 834,000 blacks and 34,000 whites. Both territories lay North of the Union of South Africa.

Romaine Brown, Violinist

Native Opinion

South African *Native Opinion,* a journal at King Williamstown, South Africa, shows the way in which taxation is piled up on the natives.

"On the 25th August last, one hundred and eleven head of cattle were attached at the Tshoxa dipping tank for arrear 1933 taxes, and the beasts subsequently driven to an impounding kraal within the municipal boundaries of the town. The taxes due (general and local) amount to 30/-, and an extra half-a-crown charged for messenger's fees, bringing the total to £1/12/6 per taxpayer. Over and above this, an amount of half-a-crown per beast is added for driving them to the pound—a distance of five miles and no receipt is issued for the latter sum. The driving fees for driving the one herd, once only, to the town amount to £13/17/6. An extra charge of 3d per day is made being herding charges till the beast is released."

In other words, because of $7 arrearage in taxes, the South African native is charged $70.

A native paper of Johannesburg tells of the extreme destitution among the natives of the country districts of the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, the Cape and the Basutoland. It is said that the masses of the people, both black and white, were on the edge of starvation in September, and that hordes of beggars in town and country are asking for food. Naturally, the natives are the worse off and are lucky if they get one square meal a week. Recently, near Paarl, a crowd of beggars attacked the carcasses of dead oxen, tearing the flesh from the bones. Widespread drought is aggravating the serious situation.

Co-operative Societies

There has been formed in London an International Cocoa Corporation which it is said proposes to handle the cocoa of the Gold Coast and Ashanti by co-operative methods. The government in 1929 began to regulate and control co-operative societies on the Gold Coast. Twenty-five societies were in existence at the end of the year with a membership of 681 farmers. By the end of 1931, the membership had grown to 4,473 and at present nearly all of the 150,000 producing farmers are members of such societies. The Federation Trust was formed by a large number of Chiefs and farmers representing the cocoa producing areas and the co-operative societies. By means of these societies, savings of over $15 a ton are made in getting the cocoa to the merchant. The cocoa is taken to a co-operative store, where it is examined, weighed and put in bags, and then offered for sale. Thus a saving of something like $3,000,000 a year has been made for the cocoa farmers.

West Africa

An attempt is being made in Nigeria, West Africa, to settle the headship of the great house of Docemo. The Chiefs for some time have been unable to decide upon a Paramount Chief, who should be Oba of the House. A commission has reported on the matter and the Governor of Nigeria is trying to arrange a final decision. Legally, the new Oba would have no official standing, but socially and psychologically, he would be a person of great importance.

In West Africa the marriage has been announced of Dr. J. B. Danquah, brother of Nana Sir Ofori Atta, the Omanhene of Akim Abuakwa, and Miss Mabel Dove at Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa.

August 3-9, the World's Student Christian Federation held an international Conference at Coppet near Lake Geneva, Switzerland. One hundred students were present, including two from West Africa. Communism and Hitlerism were discussed.

South African Study Centers

A combined camp of Bantu study circles of the Universities of Witwatersrand and Pretoria were centers of inter-racial study of the native situation at Florida Lake, South Africa, in September. There were trips to the native quarters in Johannesburg.

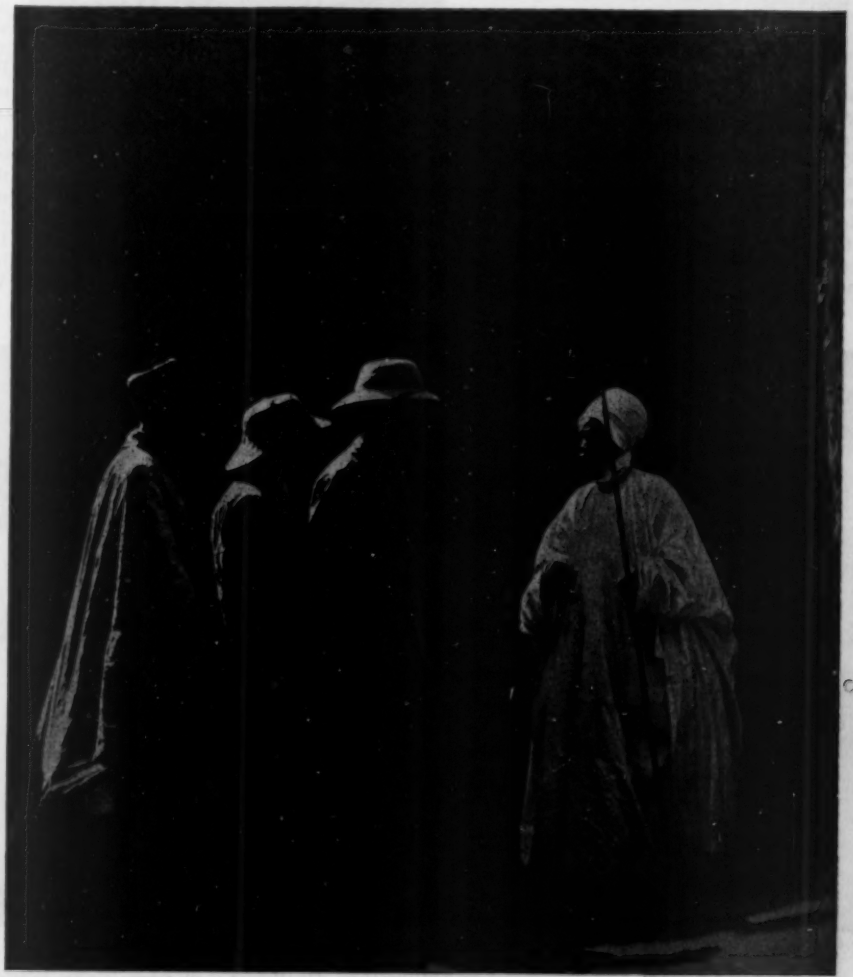
The annual report of the Lovedale School, South Africa, covers 1932. There is a new bible school which cost $50,000 and a practice school which cost $40,000. The Victoria Hospital with 125 beds and 32 nurses, takes care of 6,000 people. One thousand and forty-one students were in attendance.

Jamia

A Mosque, called Jamia, has recently been finished at Nairobi, East Africa. It was opened by Sir Sayed Ali Ben Salem, a colored ruler, before a vast gathering of Mohammedans and a few prominent Europeans. It cost $100,000 and has taken eight years to build. The stone of the main arch was laid by His Highness the Aga Khan. Two minarelles, 105 feet high, flank the building, and there are three domes.

Miners on the Gold Coast

At the new gold mines in Prestea on the Gold Coast there is complaint at the way the colored workingmen are treated. They work nine hours a day, seven days in the week; their wages are low, and purposely kept two weeks in the arrears, so as to make them pay high credit prices in the company's stores. The huts provided for housing are unsanitary with dampness, dirt, and bad air. But the new gold mine industry of West Africa is booming.



"He Is Not Here. He Is Risen"

BOOKS

Bare Hands and Stone Walls. Some Recollections of a Sideline Reformer. By Charles Edward Russell. N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

Charles Edward Russell has written his autobiography. That it is a fascinating narrative goes without saying to all who know him and his style of writing. He tells of his youth in Iowa; of his life in Vermont, and then slowly of the way in which he was drawn into the great work of reform, "Down with the bosses," muck-raking and muck-rakers, an adventure in India and in arbitration, trust-busting and other indoor sports. But of all his fourteenth chapter is on the philosophy of pigment and from this because it is so near THE CRISIS and the work of this Association, we must quote:

"There had been a race riot and a Negro lynching in Springfield, Illinois. In Lincoln's town, almost under the shadow of the monument raised to him men call The Liberator, a member of the race he is said to have liberated was put to death by a mob.

"There was a white man in America that had long thought about this unspeakable national disgrace and its causes. If inherited tendencies are anything, his sympathies should not have been keen, at least, on the side of the oppressed dark-skinned men, for his antecedents were Southern and his grandfather had been known as a Copperhead in the Civil War. But he happened to have an exquisite sense of justice, a broad democratic faith and an inquiring mind. He had long before, in searching out the springs of the national

Graceful Africa

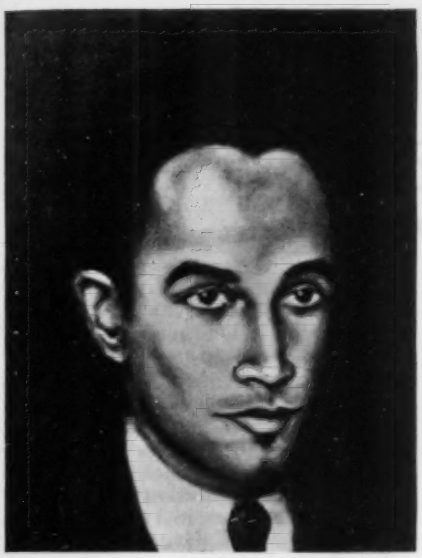
sinning, come to the conclusion that the tattered excuse offered for the most horrible of these reversions to savagery had no application to the majority of cases; that most of the lynchings in the South had nothing to do with crimes against women but were provoked by the implacable hatred of the Southern white men. He saw also that throughout the South merely for that reason and no other, Negroes were without rights or opportunity, that basic justice and the common instincts of humanity were alike perverted that they might remain without hope while revenge should be satiated. It seemed to him that these were conditions intolerable and perilous and some protest should be framed against them.

"In this spirit, William English Walling went to Springfield immediately after the lynching and investigated the crime. Coming away, he had a thought of a great national organization of fair-minded whites and intelligent blacks that should throw some form of shield between the Negro and his oppressor. He came on straight to New York and to persons that he thought might be sympathetic offered the outline of his conception. He was a Socialist. Being also an old friend, he naturally talked of it to me.

"He had a small flat in West Thirty-ninth Street. There he asked us to come one afternoon in March, 1909. Five of us responded, all told. We talked informally about the possibilities of creating some society or organization that might contend against the racial madness that possessed the North only a little less than the South. The whole thing seemed comically futile. This stone wall was of the granite of prejudice, clamped with steel bars of an accepted tradition. Four or five men and women—what could their bare hands achieve except bruises and derision? Preposterous to think of it. The undismayed Walling could see nothing absurd in the proposal. Patiently he sketched his plan, sketched it many times, that day and other days. We continued to meet at his flat, sometime five, sometimes six, once as many as eight; Mary White Ovington, Henry Moskowitz, Doctor Stephen Wise, Leonora O'Reilly, Oswald Garrison Villard, and others. Between times, Mr. Walling went about the city, talking of

THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL RECOVERY FOR NEGROES, AND FRIENDS

In the picture are: Dr. Mordecai Johnson, C. C. Spaulding, Dr. Robert C. Weaver, Walter White, Miss Mabel Byrd, William Hastie, John P. Davis, Miss Mary Van Kleeck, Datton Ferguson, Mrs. Myra Colson Callis, and Dr. George E. Haynes



Roy de Coverley

his dream, indefatigable, restless, pouring forth a tide of nervous energy that put all the rest of us to shame.

"At last we felt in a position to issue a call for a national conference. It was held (with many misgivings) in the hall of the United Charities Association and brought out a response that astonished and rather startled us. Professor Burt G. Wilder of Cornell was there and dissected eighteen brains of white and of colored persons to show that there was not a particle of difference. We heard from unexpected lips burning protests against the national iniquity and out of that conference emerged the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the most efficient instrument for racial justice ever devised, attaining to more than 100,000 members, organized in every state in the Union, and having a notable record in serving the ends of justice. Scores of innocent men it has saved from hanging, other scores it has released from prison; it has carried to the Supreme Court of the nation and won there its steady protests against the insane persecution of men whose offense was complexion; it has battled everywhere for tolerance, opportunity, and equality. It has blocked repeated and lawless attempts to segregate Negroes, it has defeated for office men that stood for race persecution, it has been of inestimable value to the whole colored citizenry. For all this the basic credit is due to Mr. Walling, who conceived and founded the Association.

In the first twenty-three years of its existence it has not done all that we hoped it might do, for the stone wall of this prejudice was too strong, the jungle instinct of race hatred too deeply rooted. But it has made a notable beginning. Slowly the race conditions in America, bad as they are, tend to better. Slowly is growing among enlightened Southerners a perception of the high cost of hatred, and the obligations of the common humanity; and looking upon the progress already made, one can take heart and believe that some day Americans will cleanse their flag from the dark blotch that race persecution has flung upon it."

The Poems of Roy de Coverley

Roy de Coverley whose poems were published in Denmark in the fall of 1931, and reissued in Florence, Italy, was born in Jamaica in 1905. He is a distinguished author of some years standing. He has acted, directed, and assisted in the theatre. He has been a dancer as well as a choreiographer. But despite these activities, Mr. de Coverley has remained loyal to his Muse. Arriving in New York at the beginning of the Negro Renaissance he desisted from publication in order to prepare the perfect publication. He is a poet who may be called a precious writer, writing but a few pieces each year and his work is at once compact and intense.

De Coverley's poems were read at the University of Copenhagen, one of the oldest and most conservative European institutions of learning, in the Spring, together with pieces by Cullen, Hughes, Silvera, Cuning, Toomer, McKay and Gwendolyn Bennett.

"Jungle, a Fragment," opens the volume. It is the longest poem in the book, although the least sustained. It is a fragment which de Coverley abandoned only after having culled it of all extraneous matter and shaped it into a perfect piece. The whole work sustains a melancholy element accountable to two influences: The poet's sybaritic nature, too easily wounded by any gross contact with material things; and his yearning for something absolute, as beauty is. We quote from "Fulfillment":

"And your hands, your pale, brown, beautiful hands
Beat minor rhythms that sopped with drunkenness
The thin gray fear that was my soul."

In his last poem, "To My Mother" he speaks of "gray gropings in a dark Gethsemene" which all sons know.

At an interview, Mr. de Coverley sat, brown, slender, with luminous eyes, answering with a faun-like smile.

"What is your aesthetic creed?" we ask.

"I have no aesthetic creed," he answered baffingly. Then he resumed, "I mean to say that people with a true sense of aesthetics have no formula by which they put themselves into such a state. One has a sense of the aesthetic, or he hasn't. To tell you the truth I don't know exactly what is meant by an 'aesthetic creed.' I love beauty in all its forms."

We suggest, a set of principles of taste.

"Well of course, when an artist is creating he should place himself in a frame of mind extraneous to all things but beauty; he should thin the superfluous qualities of his cliches, and leave the beauty alone. This process need not weaken his creation, because, the significant qualities of things make their artistic worth."

"Jamaican seascapes, for instance, drip with beauty: of sea and sky and tree and sand. And," he added thoughtfully, "of native people—although a true Jamaican might resent my use of the word native because it suggests spears and grass skirts!"

"Then," we observed, "you are interested in social conditions?"

"No," he answered emphatically. "I believe firmly in the individual and not the mass, in any case." Robert Schlick.

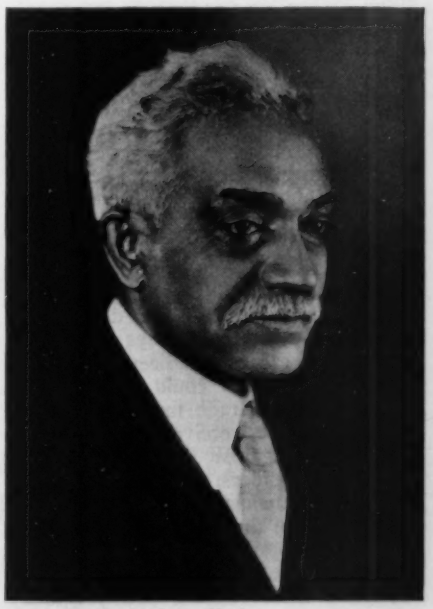
DIED

John H. Love, head of the department of History of the Lincoln High School, Kansas City, Missouri, and for eleven years president of that city's branch of the N.A.A.C.P. Mr. Love was a graduate of Oberlin College with the A.B. and A.M. degrees, and of the Catholic University of America with the degree of L.L.M. Since 1915, he was lay reader in charge of St. Augustine's Mission in Kansas City and his career as a teacher was a long and successful one.

The Reverend Alfred E. Lawless, D.D. of Atlanta, Georgia. The outstanding achievements of Dr. Lawless' career were his pastorship of Straight College Chapel; his Superintendency of Negro church work in Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma; his secretaryship of the American Missionary Association in 1920 and work for the Galangue Mission; his establishment of the modern Valena C. Jones School in New Orleans; the impetus he gave to the first Kings Mountain Young People's and Workers' Conference in 1923; his presidency of the National Convention of Workers among Colored People; and finally his Assistant Moderatorship of the National Council of Congregational Churches.

Mrs. R. R. Wright, wife of the prominent Philadelphia banker and mother of Dr. R. R. Wright, Jr., president of Wilberforce University.

Sir Graeme Thomson, former Governor of British Nigeria, West Africa. He was a typical English bureaucrat, governing in Asia and South America and succeeding Sir Hugh Clifford in Nigeria. It was during his reign that British soldiers shot down African women in Aba because of rioting. He is described as a "great gentleman" but a failure in Nigeria.



John H. Love

Postscript
by W. E. B. DuBois

THE A. F. OF L.

THE most sinister power that the N.R.A. has re-inforced is the American Federation of Labor. The American Federation of Labor never did represent the labor movement and represents it less today than in the past. It is a petty bourgois organization, with all the ideals of the small capitalists and with the desire and program to increase the wages of a small class of skilled and favorably situated laborers at the expense of the mass of the working people. The A. F. of L. has discriminated against Jews, Italians, Slovaks and Negroes, and it has discriminated against white Americans, whenever chance or opportunity came; high wage for the few even if that involved aiding in the exploitation of common labor and being bribed by employers to keep labor peace when the mass of laborers is receiving less than the living wage and indecent treatment.

The extremes to which this movement has gone is illustrated by the engineers who started a bank in Cleveland to perform the same kind of functions that any capitalist bank would form and which ran a mine in West Virginia with non-Union labor.

The A. F. of L. has from the beginning of its organization stood up and lied brazenly about its attitude toward Negro labor. They have affirmed and still affirm that they wish to organize Negro labor when this is a flat and proven falsehood. They do not wish to organize Negroes. They keep Negroes out of every single organization where they can. They allow any organization under the Federation to exclude Negroes on any pretense and make no protest. Their officials have repeatedly refused to sit down with black men and discuss ways and means by which race prejudice within the labor movement could be abated. Whenever any trade union within the A. F. of L. does receive Negro laborers, it does so against the policy of the A. F. of L. leaders, and it is encouraged to discriminate against the Negroes even if they are in the ranks of union labor.

Negro workers have been and are continually traduced and libeled by these so-called labor leaders, and yet today this organization is the one that is being set up to "represent" labor. Of the twenty or thirty millions of laborers in the United States, the American Federation of Labor does not adequately or decently represent a single million. It is this fact that gives sinister reinforcement to the demand on the part of the employers for the open shop. No one is deceived by the motives behind the steel trust and Henry Ford. They sought the open shop because there are bigger profits in unorganized labor. But, on the other hand, the only chance for the Negro to find work and the only chance for millions of white workers to find employment is in those industrial institutions that are not dominated by William Green and his contemptible monopoly of recognized labor effort.

It is too bad that the rank and file or the American Federation of Labor cannot see the kind of bureaucracy by which they are ruled and give at least some aid and comfort to the recurrent demands inside the organization for reform. Unless they do this, some time there is coming a great wave of demand from the mass of exploited laborers for an organization which represents their injuries and their wishes. And that new organization is going to sweep the A. F. of L. off the face of the earth.

A MATTER OF MANNERS

THERE was a time when the Negro race in America had a right to boast that its manners were better than those of its white neighbors. They were insistently courteous and soft-voiced. Their experience of public insult gave them a sort of social sense of what was due the individual in personal deference and of the good policy and kindliness that lay behind: "Excuse me," "I thank you," "Please."

It was perhaps inevitable that this phase should pass. No group of people who have been so persistently insulted as American Negroes, can be expected to preserve their manners; but it is worthwhile that they should at least regret the loss and not forget what is after all due themselves. There is a story, probably apocryphal, that George Washington was rebuked for raising his hat to a colored person and simply said that he could not let anyone outdo him in politeness. Nothing of this older ideal of a Southern gentleman remains.

The other day in Atlanta five persons in succession entered and left an elevator. On the first floor, two ladies entered, both teachers; one a Master of Arts from the University of Cincinnati, and the other trained in an excellent Northern institution. At the next floor, two boys entered, perhaps eight and twelve years of age. They kept their hats on. At the next floor, another lady entered. Both boys removed their hats. At the next floor, the last lady got out. The boys put their hats back on. The two first ladies and the boys left the elevator at the last floor.

To the stranger this would be inexplicable; but to one who knows the South and also knows that the two first ladies were colored, the magnificent training of these young white Southern gentlemen is evident.

Or again, every once in a while a journal, like the *Atlanta Constitution*, will commission its office boy to write the regular editorial about Negroes returning South after unfortunate experiences in Harlem and after realizing that the "Southern white people are the Negroes best friends." The *Constitution* does not allow for an occurrence like this, which is not exactly a matter of life and death or even of bread and butter:

> The daughter of a colored teacher was entertaining some young friends in the dining room, when the agent of the electric company appeared at the front door to examine the meter. The mother went to the door. In order to get to the meter, he must walk through the house. He started in. The mother said: "You'll have to remove your hat." He gave her to understand that he was not used to removing his hat in houses of "niggers." She refused to let him come in with his hat on, and he thereupon went to the curb and turned out all the lights in the house.

This sort of thing has sad effect upon the manners of colored people. They visit vicariously the insults of ignorant boors and savages, North and South, upon the mass of people, white and colored, with whom they come in contact. They push their way through crowds carelessly; their methods of salu-

tations are crude; they ask pardon of no one, and they assert themselves offensively. Some how and in some way our younger generation must learn that courtesy and manners are not solely for the benefit of the other person; they are tributes to our own self-respect.

PAYING FOR PUBLICATION

WE have received so many complaints of persons who had paid publishers for bringing out books, that every once in a while we have to repeat what we are about to say. A man writes us and says that he has paid certain publishers $500 to publish his book, and that now they are doing little to sell it. We have answered him as follows:

"If you had consulted us before you paid for the publication of your book, we could have told you just what would happen. If a publisher thinks that he can get his money back from the sale of the book and reasonable profit, he will pay for the publication and take all risks. In that case, he is bound to push the book, since otherwise he would lose. On the other hand, there are a number of publishers who publish books for authors on condition that the author pay the cost of publication. In that case, when the money is paid, the publisher has no obligation or inducement to push the book and seldom does. The author should never enter into an arrangement of this sort unless he knows himself easily where and how he can sell his book. There is nothing that you can do under the circumstances nor is there any complaint that you can legitimately make against the publisher. All he contracted to do was to publish the book and sell it if he had an opportunity."

There are numbers of cases where a colored author has something to say to colored people and the white publisher has no way of reaching this audience. He refuses, therefore, to take the risk of publication. If, then, the colored author knows how and where he can sell his book after it is published, he is justified in paying for its publication. But under no other circumstances should he risk $500 or $1,000.

WINSHIP ET AL.

BLANTON WINSHIP was born in Macon, Georgia, in 1869 and educated at Mercer and University of Georgia. He served in the Spanish-American war and then in the regular army until in 1931 when he was appointed Judge Advocate General with the rank of Major-General for four years. General Winship is the man who Herbert Hoover chose to run things in Liberia. By birth and training, he is about the last man in the United States who ought to be chosen for such a mission. This does not mean that he is vindictive or dishonest. He likes "niggers" and dogs and other dumb animals, but he has no conception of colored people as men and it is a crying shame that the Liberian negotiations calculated to force Liberia under the complete domination of the Firestone interests should be put in his hands and the hands of Briggs, a minor official of the State Department who practically controls Liberian affairs.

Briggs openly sneers and laughs at Negro pretensions to civilization either in America or Africa. And yet he holds his power from administration to administration and is practically the last word in Liberian affairs. These are the two men who were sent to Africa to coerce Liberia. They were sent from Liberia to Geneva to browbeat the League of Nations. At this writing they are still at their nefarious work. Is it too much to hope that Franklin Roosevelt will find a little time out of his busy weeks and devote a moment to delivering the Republic of Liberia from the strangle hold of these two men so ill-fitted for the task.

JAPAN AND ETHIOPIA

IT is reported, upon how good authority we do not know, that Japan and Ethiopia have entered into an economic treaty by which Japan is to receive 16,000,000 acres for Japanese colonization and Ethiopia is to be repaid by Japanese ingenuity, trade and friendship. If this is true, we shall be extremely pleased. It would be a rapprochement between Asia and Africa which foreshadows closer union between yellow and black people. We have no illusions about the Japanese motives in this matter. They are going to Ethiopia for purposes of profit. At the same time the treatment of Ethiopia by England and Italy and France has been so selfish and outrageous that nothing Japan can do can possibly be worse. America has only been in the background because of her distance and her fear that her own black population might get interested. When once there is unification and reasonable oneness of purpose between Japan and China, and then between these great nations and India, and finally between yellow Asia and black Africa, a new era will open in the world and the impossible domination of one mad race will end.

PEACE

TO one who does not comprehend the reasons, the present attitude of the civilized world toward peace would be incomprehensible. Here is a world which is literally wasting most of its taxes on war; preparing incredible machines for murder, arson and theft. Giving of its time, devoting its energy and its brains to destruction and hurt. It is the greatest single threat to civilization. We have just come through a time when war put human culture in ever greater danger than when the barbarians descended upon Rome.

And yet we are quite complacent. We laugh gently at the disarmament conference in Geneva. We do not even treat the matter seriously. We see no threat in the failure of this conference to our own flesh and blood, to our comfort, to our dreams, to literature and art. It is a thing apart from us. To some it is a matter of fanatics and foolish optimists.

Why is all this? It is because of the way we have been taught and the way we are being taught. Our textbooks are full of the laudation of war. Our newspapers make war inevitable. Our pictures glorify war. Our ears hear martial music. Our eyes with delight behold men made into machines and imitating machine-like rhythm. Our movies picture West Point and Annapolis and the glory of battleships shooting away hundreds of dollars a shot in practicing murder.

It is this propaganda that has got us war-minded and keeps us war-minded: and the moment we try to turn from it and disclose its foolishness, along come Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard and Adolph Hitler and a dozen other brass-mouthed agitators and tell us that we must look out for the goblins will get us. These goblins are black and yellow and brown. They are Latin and Negro and Asiatic, "lesser breeds without the law." They threaten everything good. They threaten civilization. We must keep ourselves armed against them and practice on each other while anticipating the time when we will wipe out the majority of men in blood.

The Pacifists today who takes his job seriously and sees war for what it really is, will roll up his sleeves first and attack race prejudice; and then he will attack all generals, colonels, captains, and ammunition makers; and then he will attack military schools and cadets; and finally, he may get us to the place where the world will realize that war is hell.

LOUISIANA

LOUISIANA thinks that she wants reform. She has looked at that mirage several times in the past. There was the day when the only thing that would save Louisiana was the disfranchisement of the Negro. Just get rid of the Negro voter and then civilization in Louisiana was going to blossom like the rose! Negroes and carpetbaggers, they were the enemies and the only enemies of this ancient and honorable state. Louisiana got rid of the

Negro vote by force and fraud, by murder on a scale which has seldom been accomplished in America, and in modern days. One has only to remember Coushatta and the New Orleans riot of 1866. Then by an elaborate lie which the Supreme Court of the United State does not dare face, the state by law disfranchised all but about three thousand of its Negro citizens. It disfranchised college-bred men and men of property and character. It disfranchised over half of its laboring class, and it put all the power in the hands of white exploiters and of their henchmen, the dumb-driven cattle, who are the white working class of Louisiana.

What was the result? Has any literature come recently out of Louisiana? Have you heard of any great composers and beautiful music? Has there been a single picture painted in the whole extent of the state? Hardly. But worse than that. There has scarcely been government which by any polite fiction you could call civilized. Huey Long is being investigated today and being investigated because it is charged that he got his election and keeps his domination of the state by fraud. In other words, having made their hand cunning with defrauding Negroes, the white people of Louisiana have come to defrauding themselves and now they dare not reform the state because if they go too far, Huey Long will let the Negroes vote; and if there is one thing that Louisiana hates worse than ignorance, cheating and bad government, it is educated Negroes who can vote.

TURNING THE PAGES OF THE CRISIS

December, 1910:

THE Lower House of the Texas Legislature, by a vote of 51 to 34, instructed Senators and Congressmen to work for the repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution conferring franchise upon Negroes.

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IN the Episcopal convention, Rev. Joseph Dunn, of Southern Virginia, declared that the emancipation of the Negroes was a dire disaster, and that the Church, by this act, has 45 years of misguidance to undo.

•

AT the late Episcopal convention Mr. James H. Dillard, agent of the Jeanes Fund, declared it was dangerous to generalize on any subject connected with Negro life. The race contained many devout and able men who are fully qualified he believed, to be the spiritual leaders of their people in the episcopate. He frankly admitted in effect that the proposed plan, of racial bishops, would result in the ecclesiastical segregation of Negro churchmen, but he justified this by pointing to the strong tendency to segregation now taking place in everyday life. In some States whole counties are becoming exclusively Negro counties. Segregation is not necessarily un-Christian. It may be accompanied by abundant good will. Not only is the racial episcopate in line with the tendency to segregate, but it seems the only way out and the Negro wants it, and therefore he would give it.

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A FEW colored men have been appointed on the county constabulary of Charlotte, N. C.

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CHARLESTON, S. C., passed its Jim-Crow street car ordinance.

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December, 1911:

FOR the first time in twenty-five years, Nashville (Tennessee) has chosen a colored man as city counsellor. Mr. Soloman Oarker Harris, in the last election, defeated his white opponent by a vote of 244 to 194. The last Negro to serve in Nashville was the Hon. J. C. Napier, now Registrar of the Treasury. Mr. Harris was born in Mississippi in 1864 of parents sold to that State from Virginia. He entered public school at the age of ten and continued his studies until he was graduated from Rust University, Mississippi, in 1889 with the degree B A. His father died when he was a little [illegible], and he was obliged to work every step of the way up. In 1891 he was graduated from the University of Michigan Law School. After practicising his profession for five years he entered the employ of the National Baptist Publishing House in Nashville, where he is now employed.

•

December, 1920:

And Now Liberia

THE Wilson Plan of assisting Liberia has been finally revealed in detail. Its terms, which include a loan of five million dollars, are found to be disastrously rigid. Worley, a white Virginian, as General Receiver, is the one prominent figure and would be the real ruler of Liberia under this plan, together with his band of white pensioners. He and our Secretary of Legation, Bundy, sought to force the plan through, but President King called an extra session of the Legislature to consider amendments. While the Legislature was in session a cablegram was received from the United States, saying that no amendments to the Plan would be accepted and that the Plan must be signed as submitted by them, "or the friendly interest which has heretofore existed would become lessened."

The Liberians, however, refused to be frightened and are preparing to send another commission to America, now that the election is over, to discuss some reasonable changes in the proposed financial arrangements.

—*Editorial*

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WILLIAM LOUD
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MARION CUTHBERT
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HUBERT DELANY
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RACHEL DAVIS DuBOIS
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LEWIS GANNETT
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